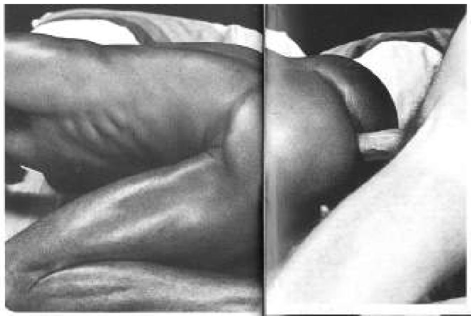
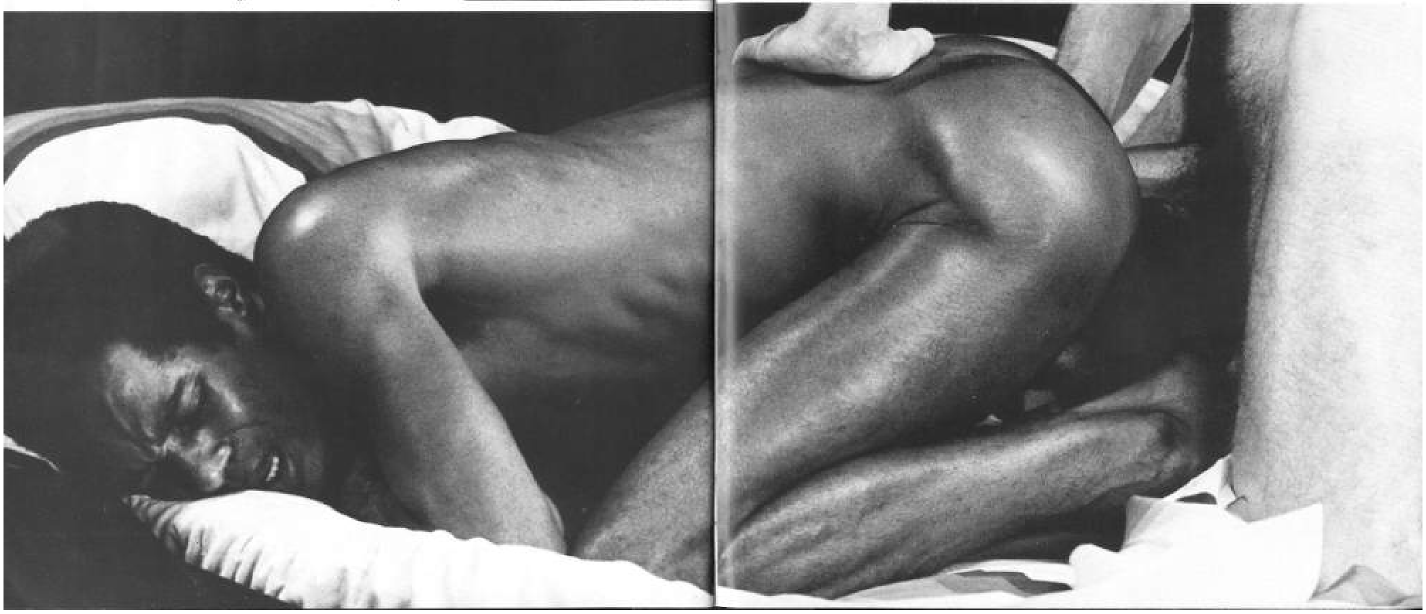
He thought of the one night when his wife had been away two weeks and he thought he was gonna bust. The night he took in that eighteen-year-old kid who'd stolen a car, a kid whose young, muscular body was clad only in a rather inadequate pair of cutoffs. The kid had a big cockbulge, and the thin cotton denim stretched across two tight, round assmounds, the seam dividing them and disappearing into the crack. That fuckin' kid backed into Jake every chance he got, it seemed, even though every time was strictly an "accident." The kid knew what he was doing, all right; he'd have had Jake off the force in two minutes if he'd taken the bait. By the time Jake got back to his buddy Horse, he seriously considered raping him at gunpoint, forcing him down on Jake's rampant tool to bring him the relief he needed. Jake was so close.

Now it was really happening. Horse had probably never done this before, but from getting done himself or whatever, the big, black stud sure knew what to do with his mouth. He teased Jake's massive cock with his tongue, somehow managing not to choke on its immensity.





Jake's breathing became rapid, and his muscles tensed. This time they didn't speak, but Jake didn't take long to shoot a second wad down Horse's throat.

Jake looked down at his buddy. "Looks like I choked a Horse."

Horse grabbed Jake's legs and pulled them out from under him. "For *that* one," said Horse, "you get fucked."

Which is just what happened. Jake knew he wanted it, from the first time he ever heard that it could be done. And he knew exactly who he wanted to open him up.

Horse.

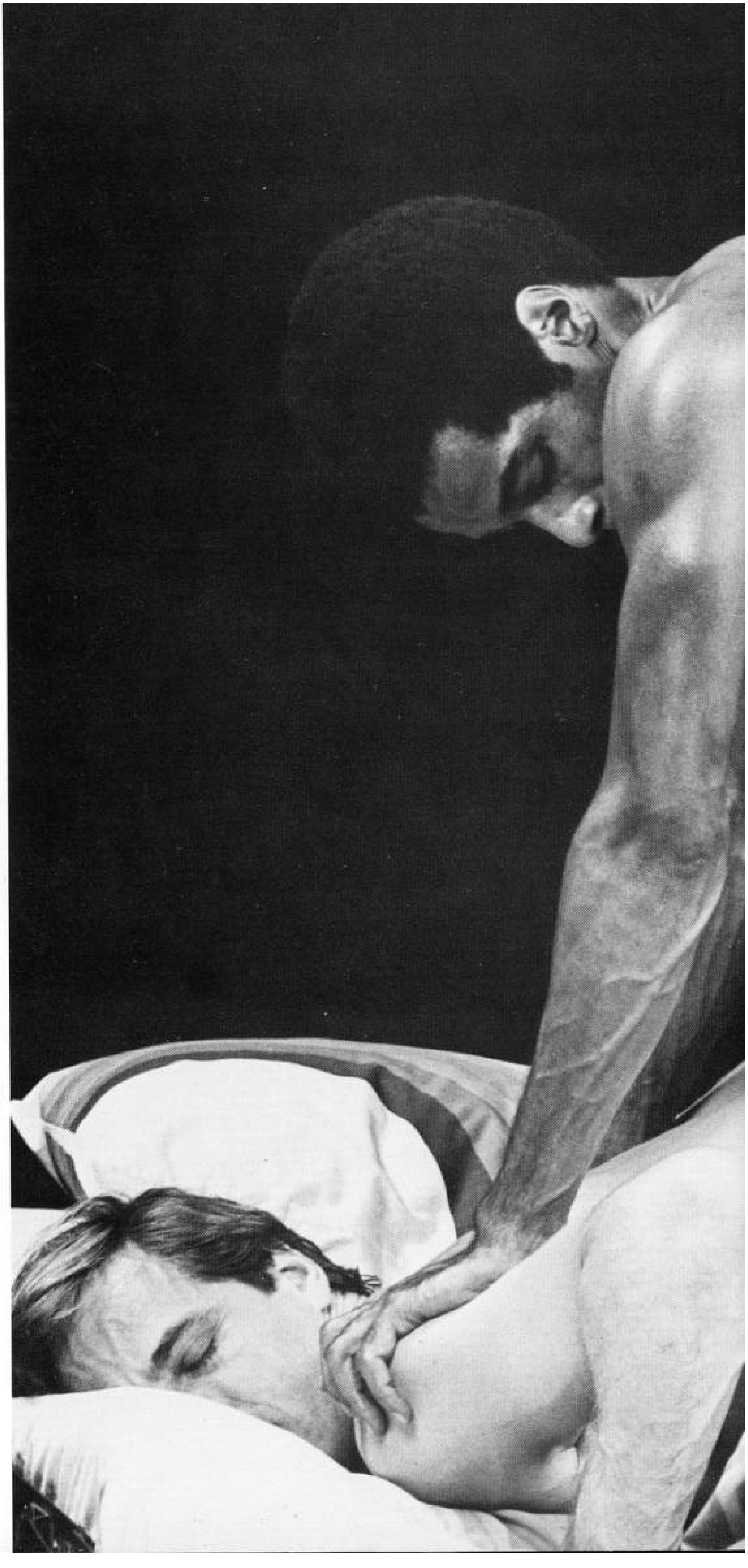
Now he knew that if Horse opened him up, he was *really* going to be opened up. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all.

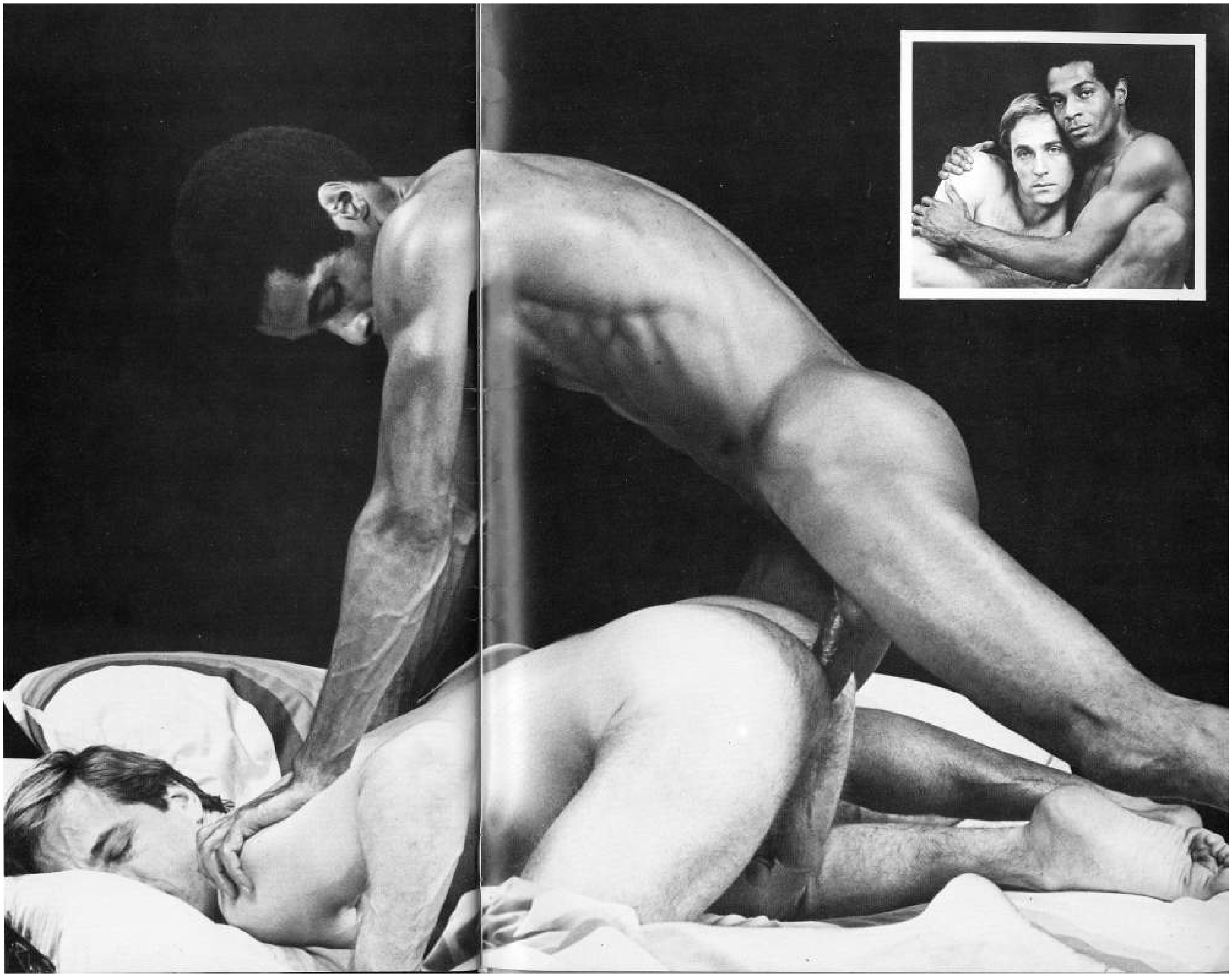
"Horse, maybe this should wait 'til another time."

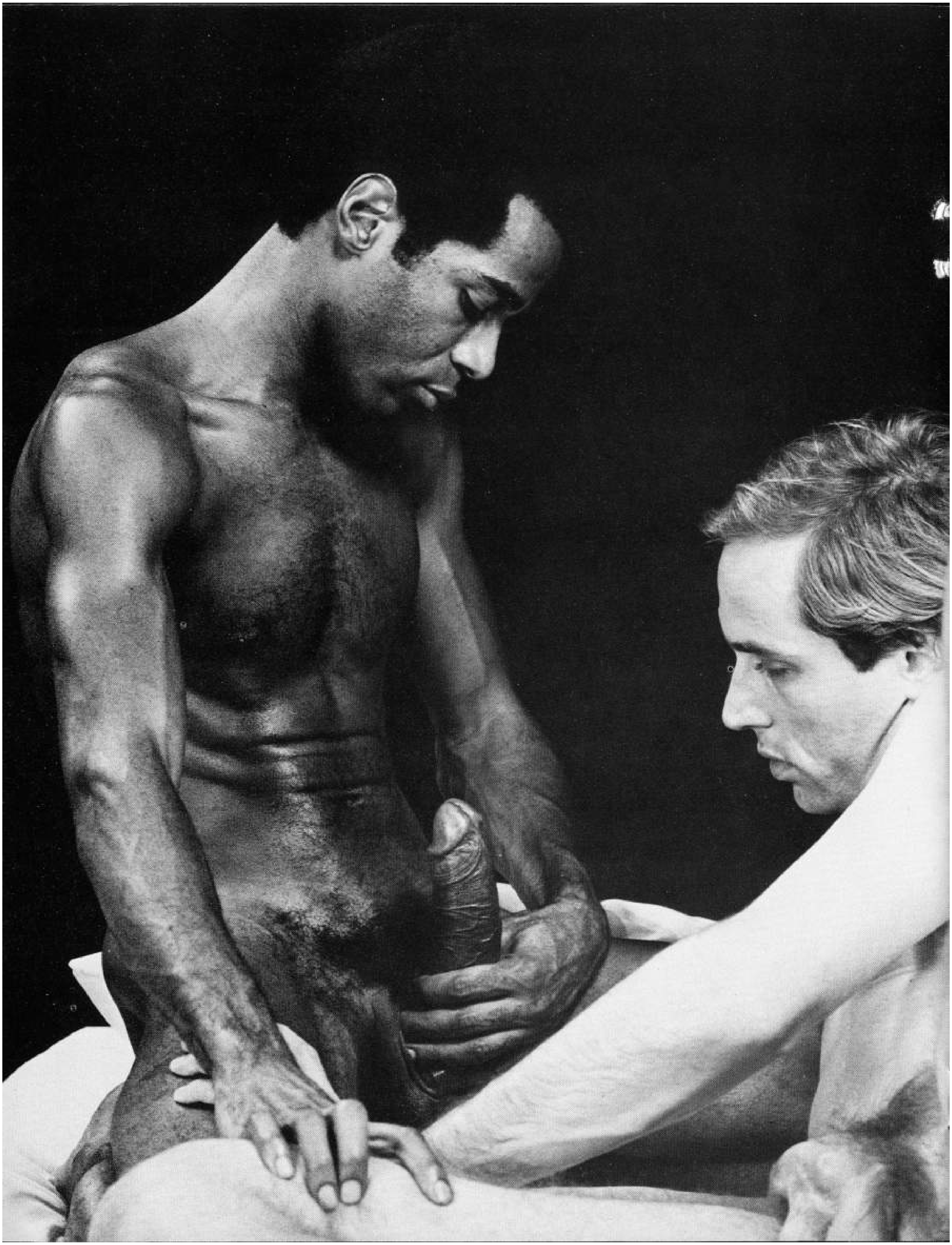
"I got the time right now, and I just made you a promise. I keep my promises," said Horse, as he greased up his massive tool and Jake's virgin butthole. He had Jake pinned to the bed, and Jake knew it. They were a pretty even match if it came to blows, so Jake resigned himself to the fact that one muscular six-foot-four blond stud highway patrolman was going to get fucked, and fucked good, by his muscular six-foot-four straight-black-stud-buddy.

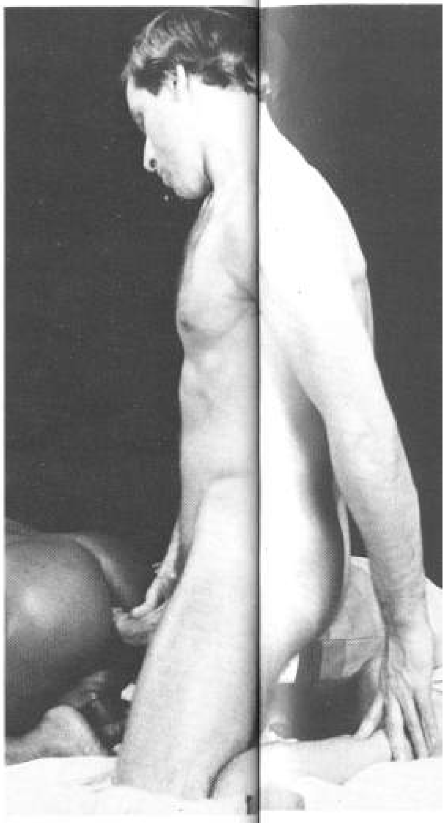
"Just take it easy, huh?"

Easy it was not. But it was worth it. And afterwards, Jake returned the favor. ●









Horse's words kept coming, as if *they* were saying *him*. "Fuckin' big, straight Mr. Highway Patrolman, wife and four kids, pussy-sniffin' stud, all the time wantin' action from his buddy, buddy-to-buddy, man-to-man. Probably spends his days imaginin' what his buddy's cock is doin' now, if his balls are churnin' up a big load, 'til the big, black motherfucker literally can't keep his eyes on the road, he's so fuckin' horny. Figurin' out ploys to get that cock into his hand, into his mouth. . . yeah, up his butt, hard and heavy, so he can feel the big, horny bastard unload. I got *your* number, babe. I got *your. . . aw, take it.*"

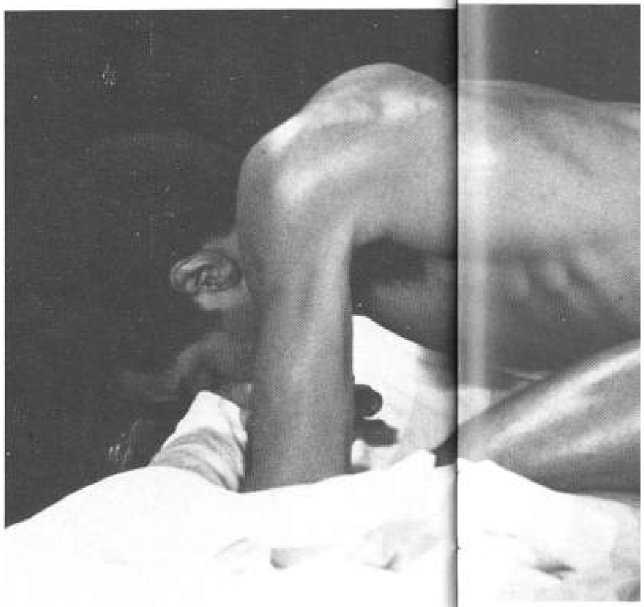
His tool pumped like a battering ram, flooding Jake's mouth with wave after wave of cum. Jake started to pull back, but Horse forced him back on. That was all it took; Jake's cum-swollen tool unloaded in long upward arcs, soaking Horse with his load.

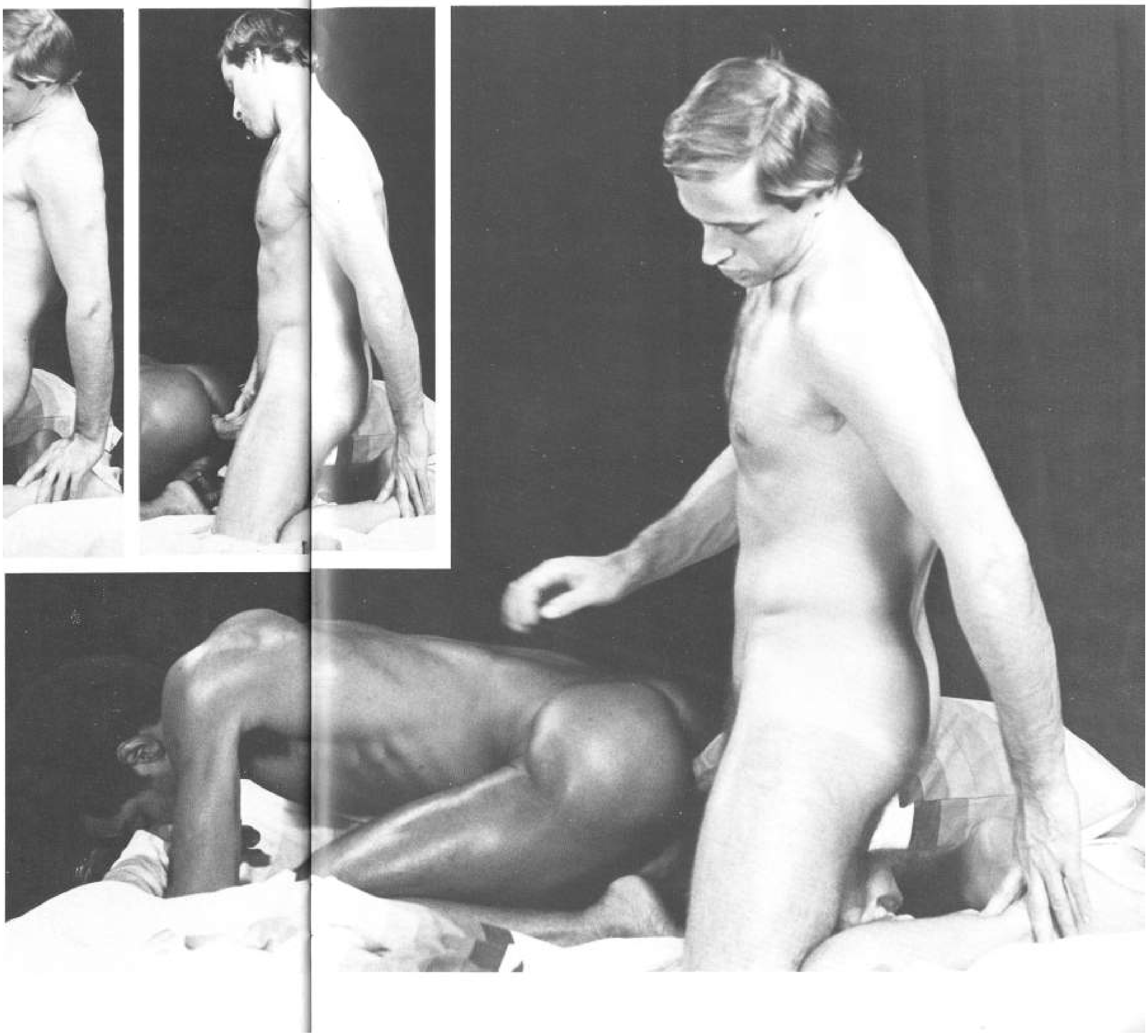
"Hey, man, you're gettin' it all over my jeans."

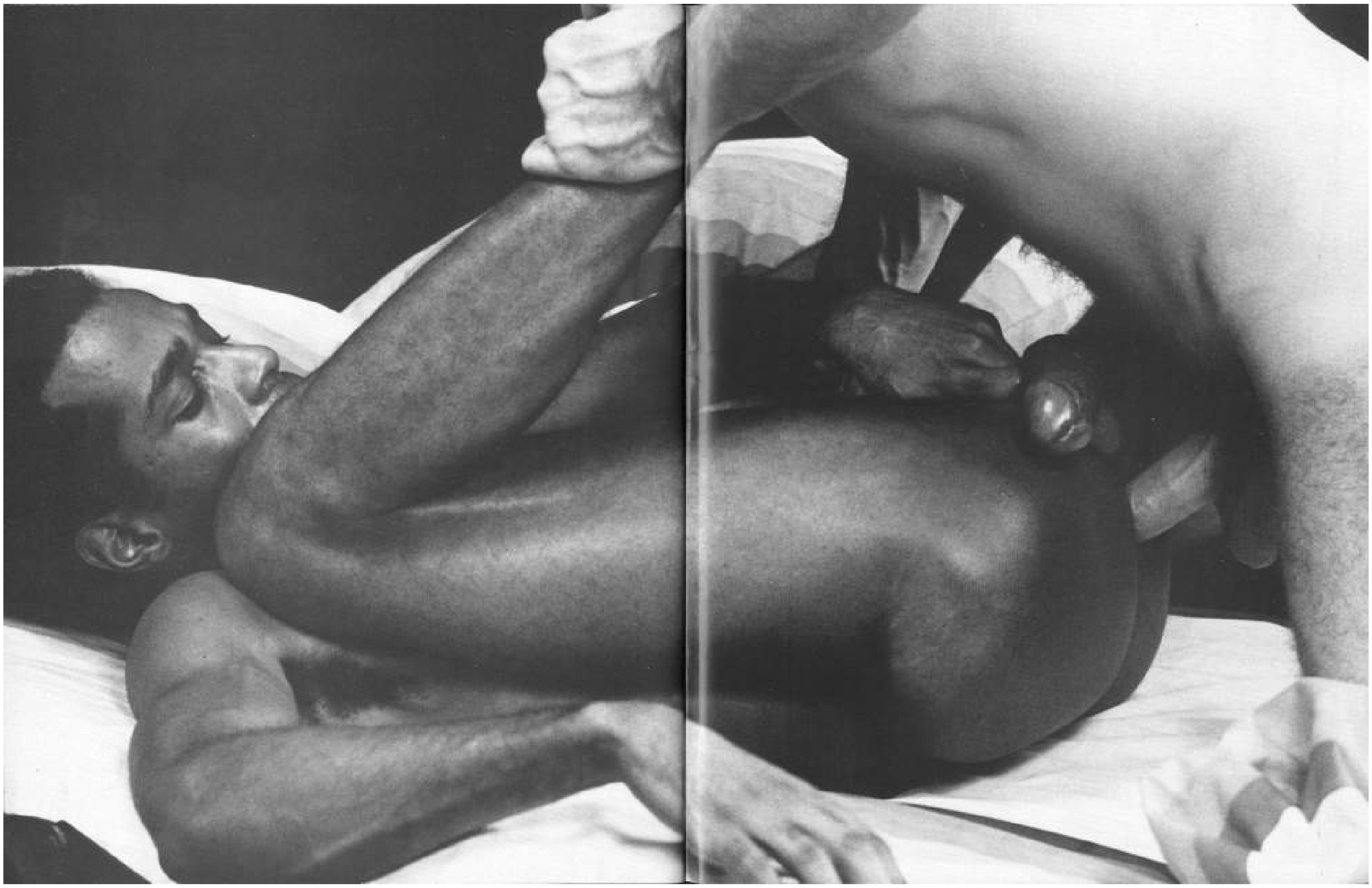
"I should've shot it into your mouth. After sayin' all that shit, you should have it washed out with cum," Jake said with mock indignance.

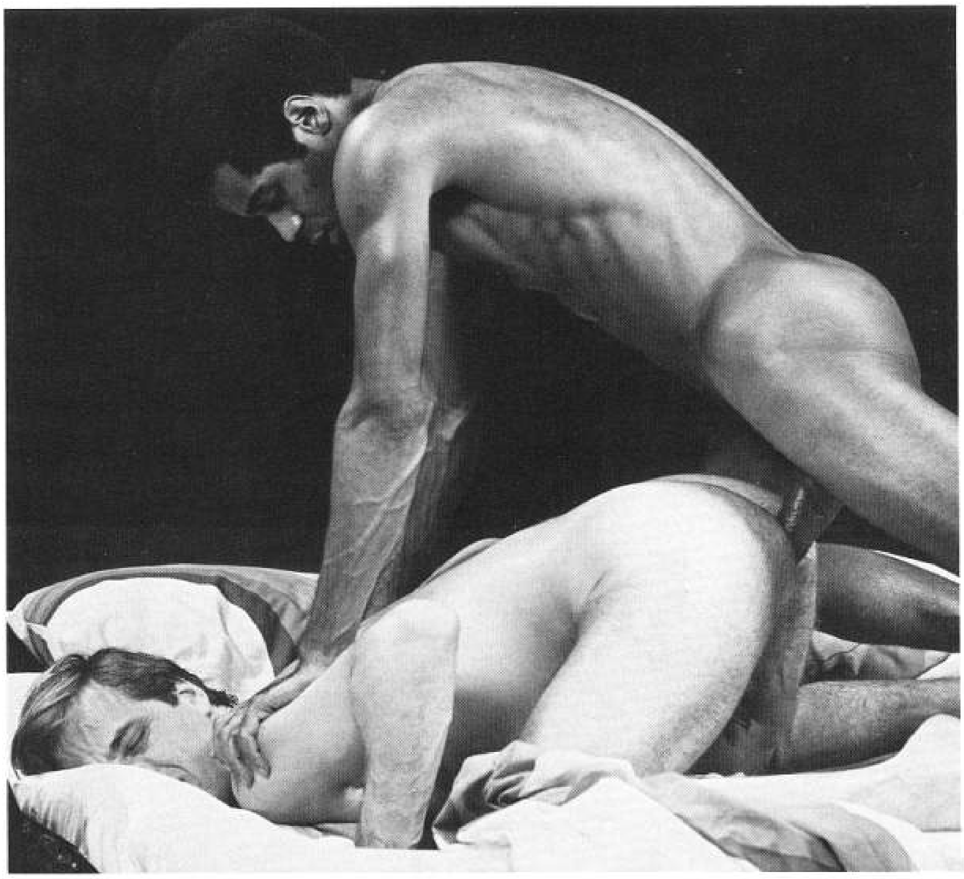
Horse smiled a little. "You'll get your chance."

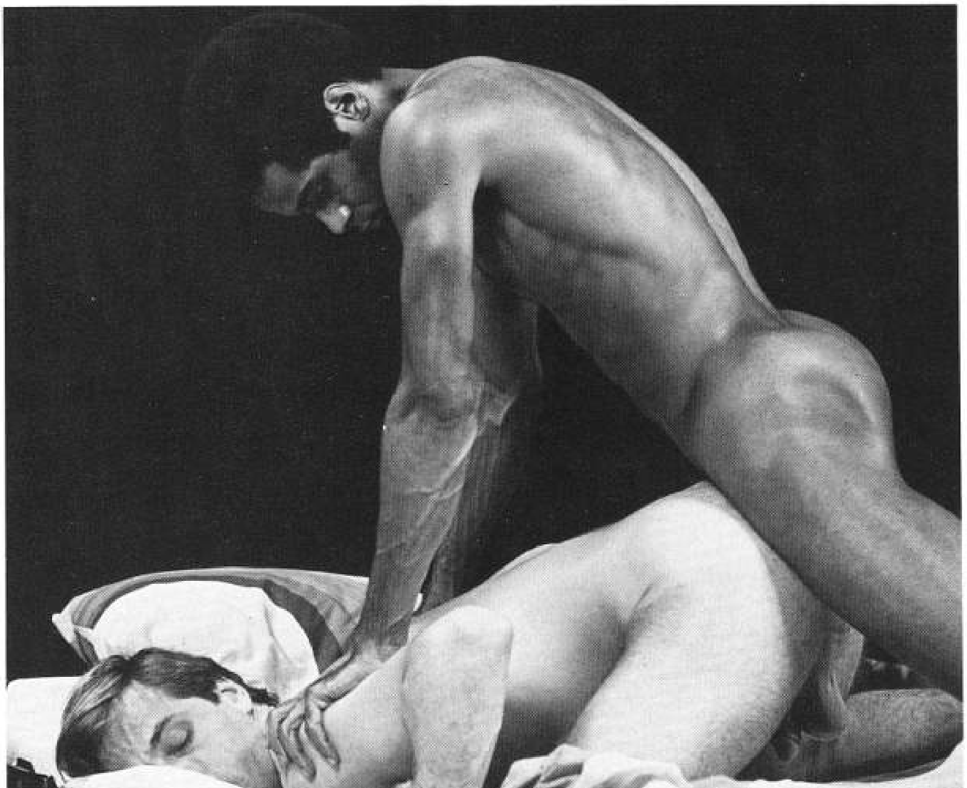
And he did. To Jake's surprise, Horse slid down onto his cock, which was hanging semi-hard, with the last remnants of his load gleaming on the cockhead. Jake didn't stay *semi*-hard very long. He'd dreamed about this, too.





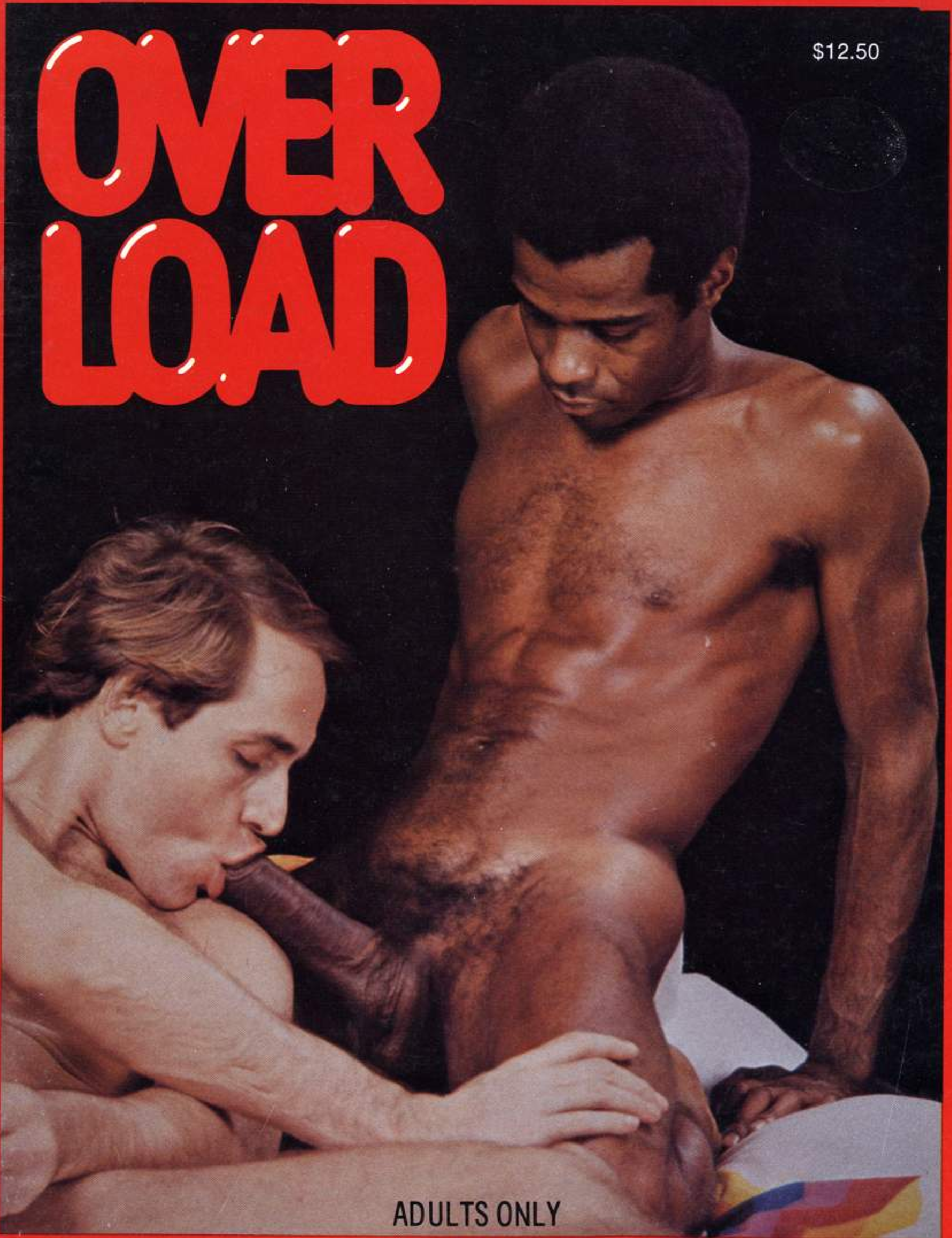




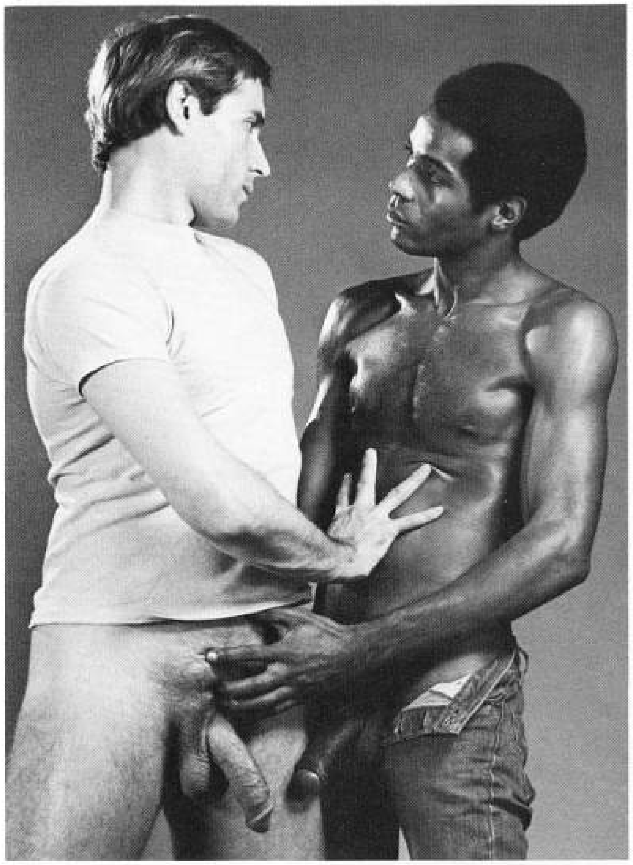


# OVER LOAD

$12.50



ADULTS ONLY



# OVER LOAD

Believe me, it took one hell of a load of convincing to get Jake Reilly and Horton Ramsey before the cameras. They're highway patrolmen, both married with kids, and pretty straight. Jake's the big blond bruiser and can be as tough as he looks. Horton's buddies call him Horse, for reasons the pictures will make abundantly clear, and is at least as rugged as his buddy Jake.

Let's just say that some unspoken desires became a lot more justifiable when these two laid-off patrolmen had good economic reason for it. A little good grass didn't hurt either.

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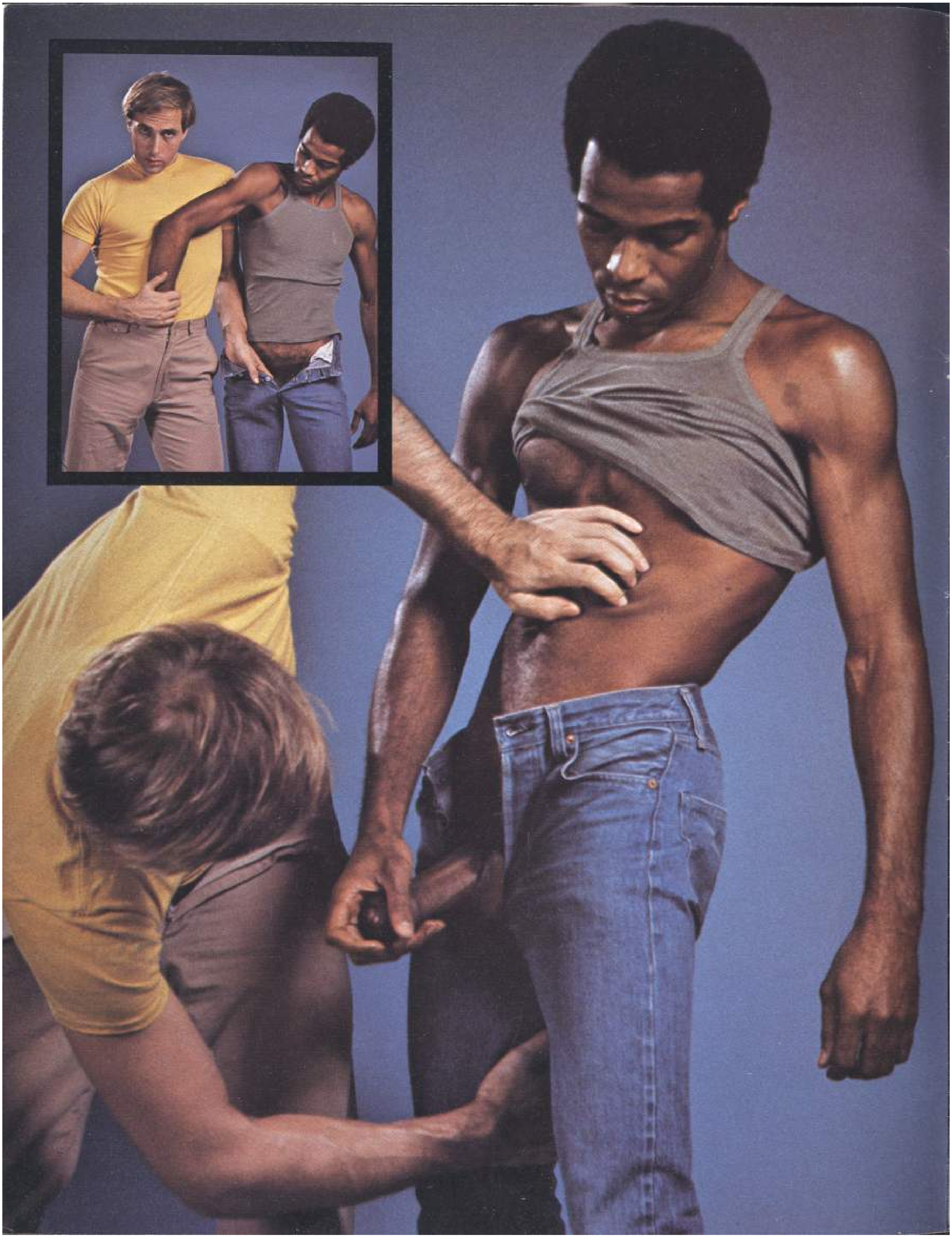
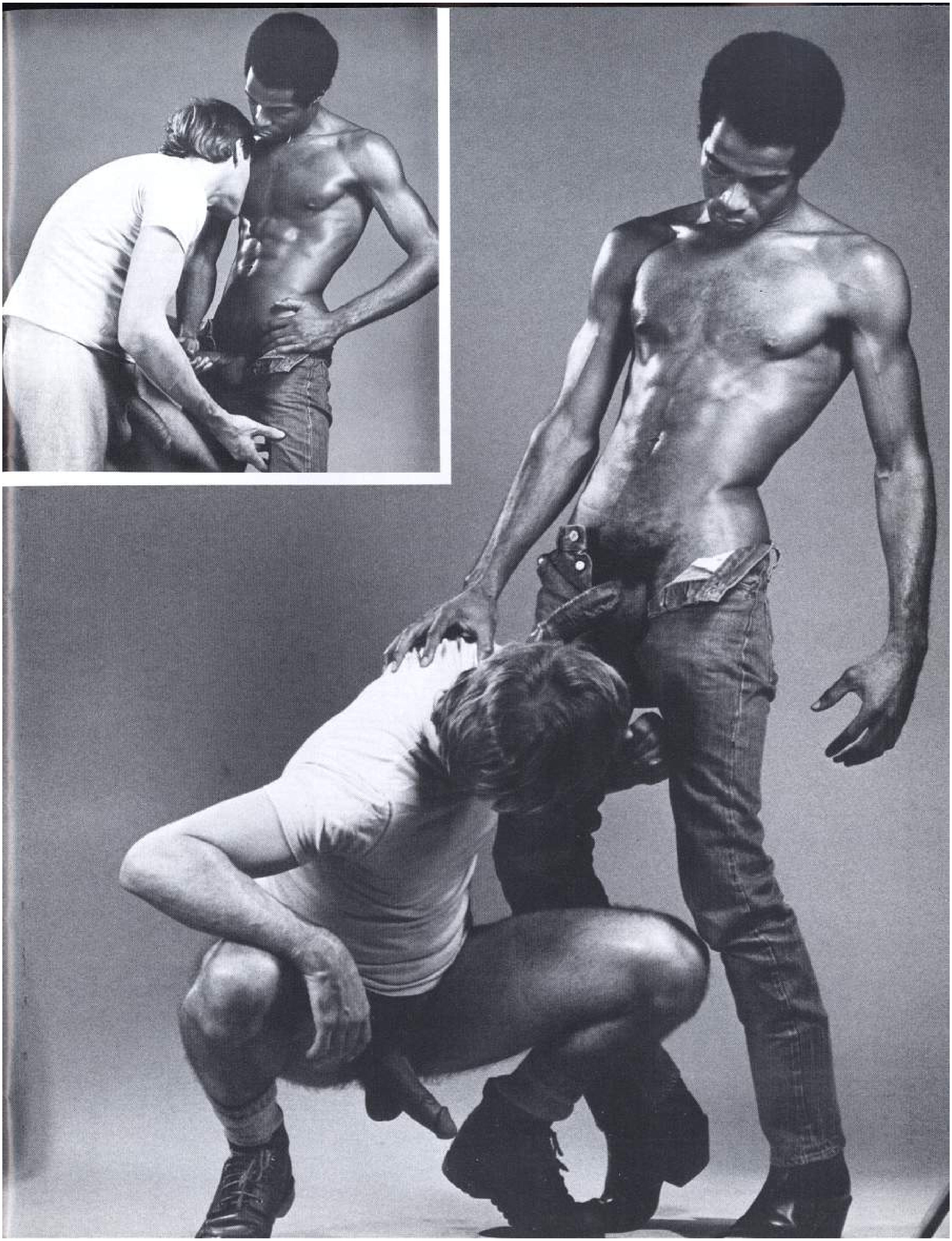
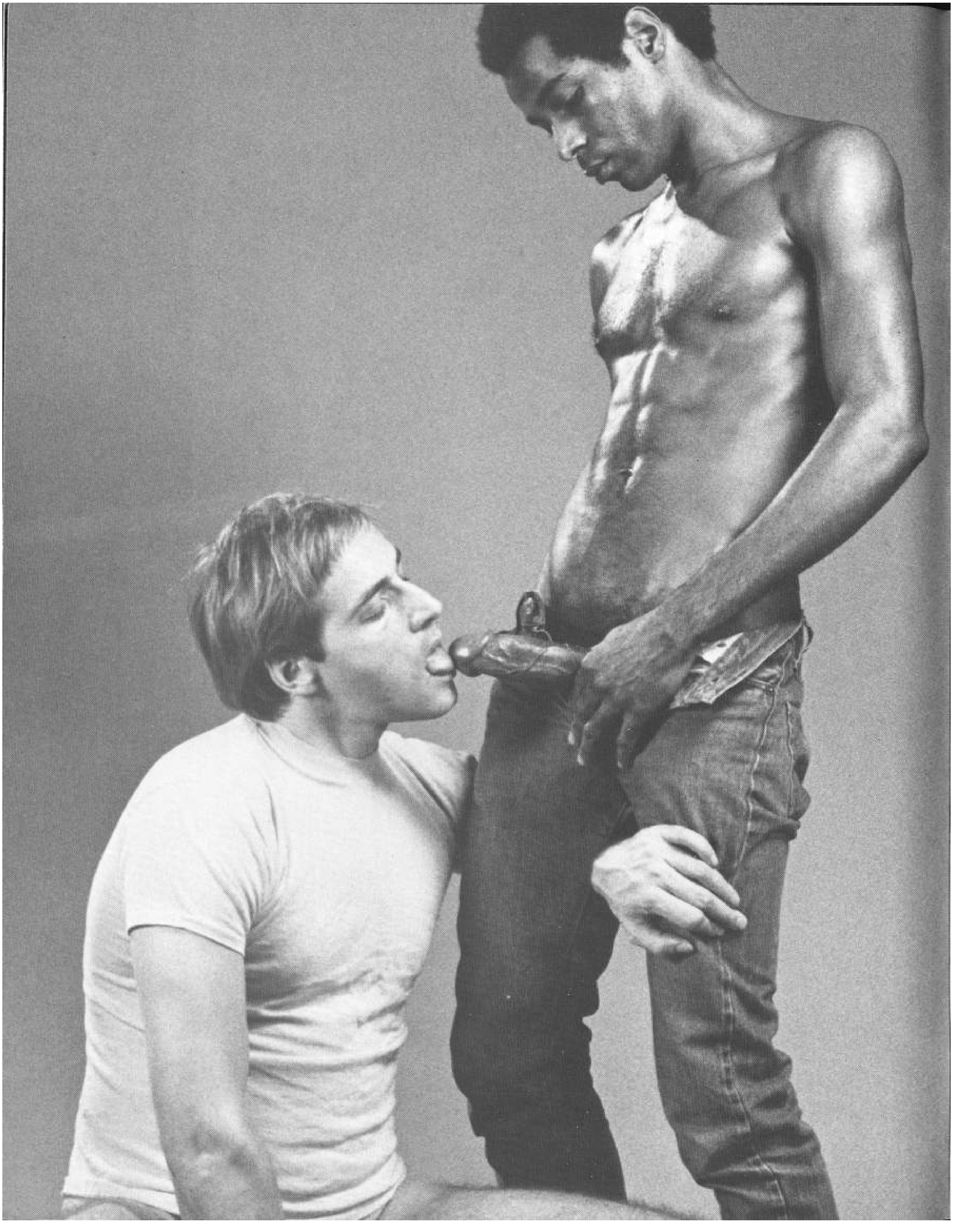
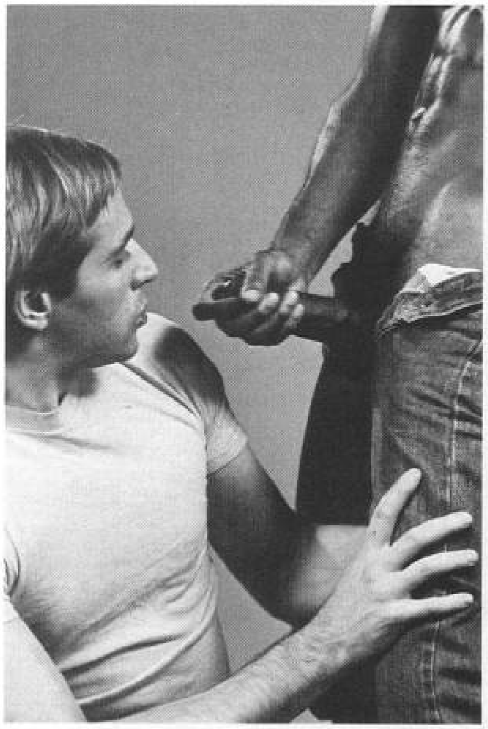
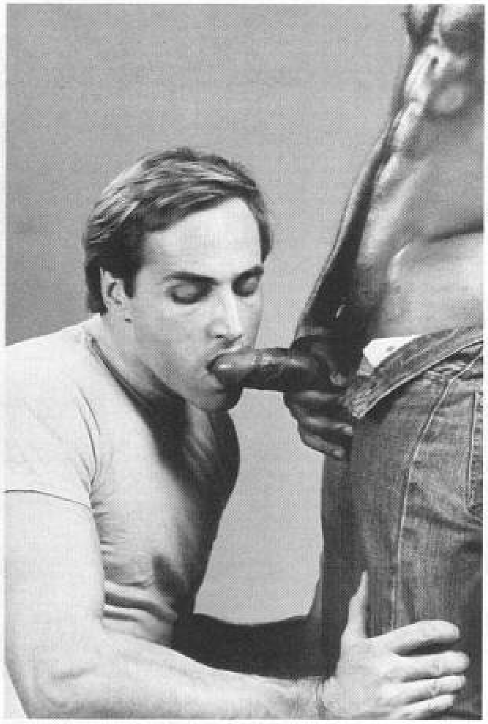


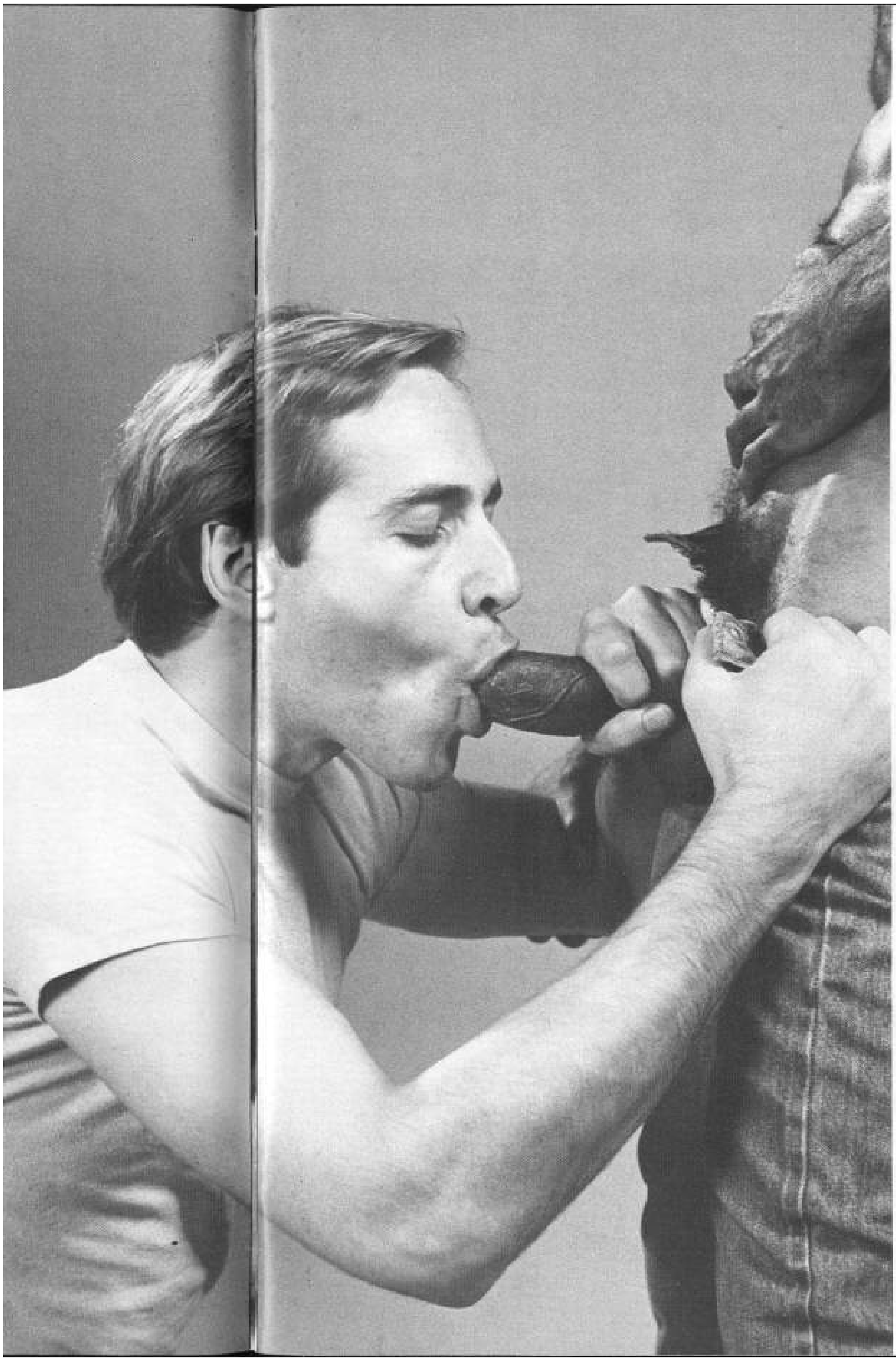


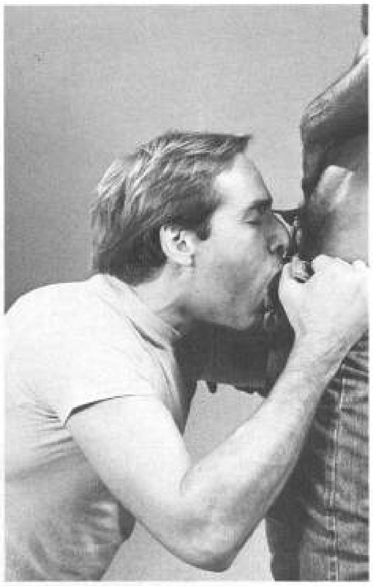


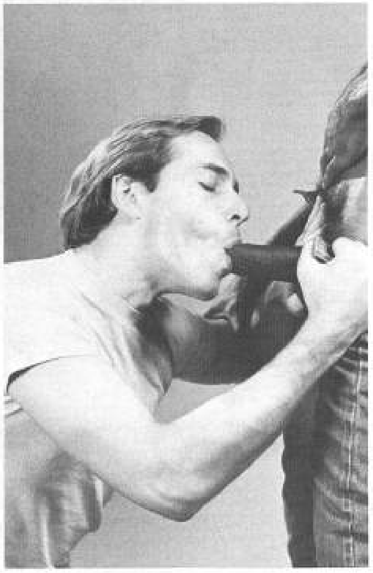


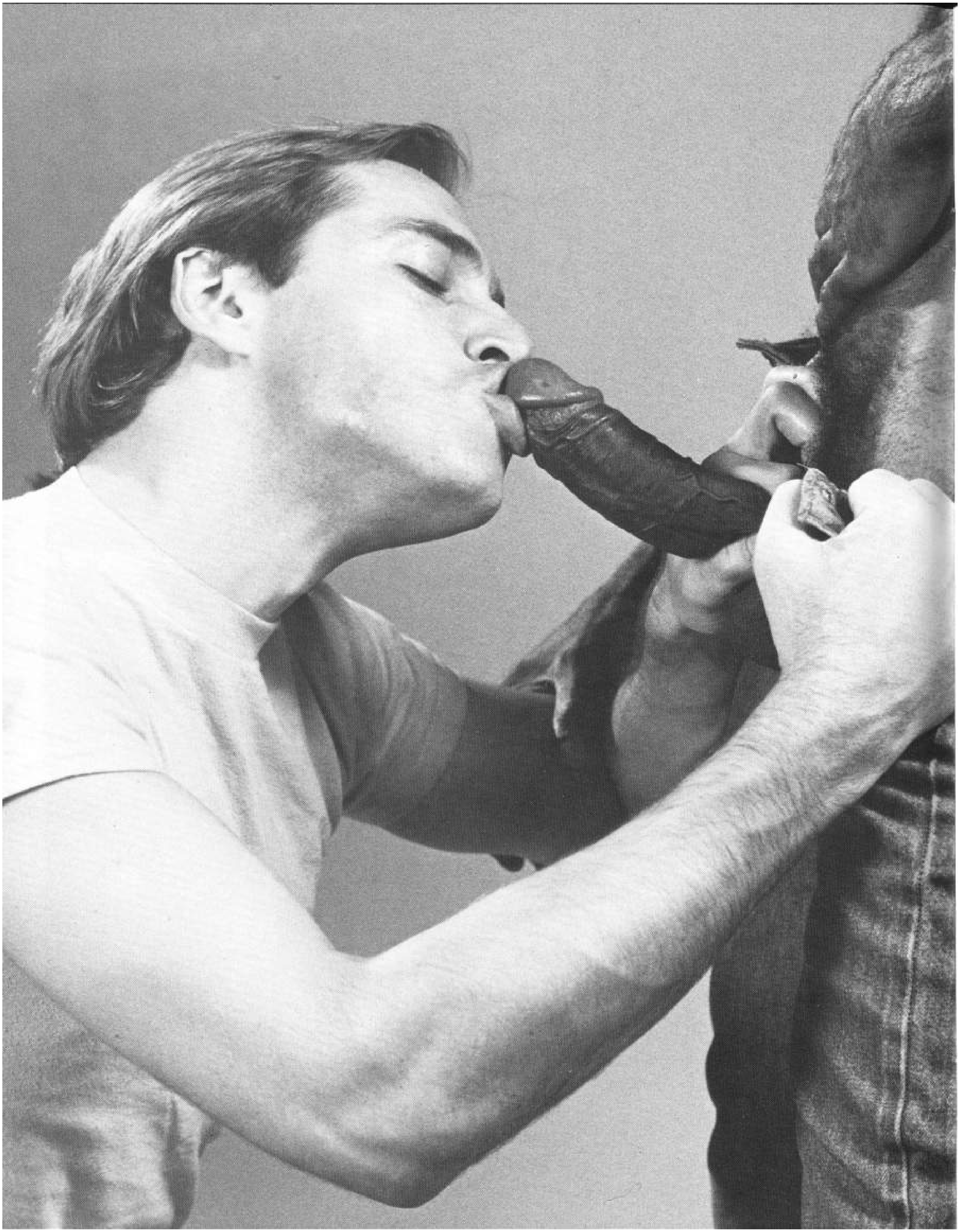


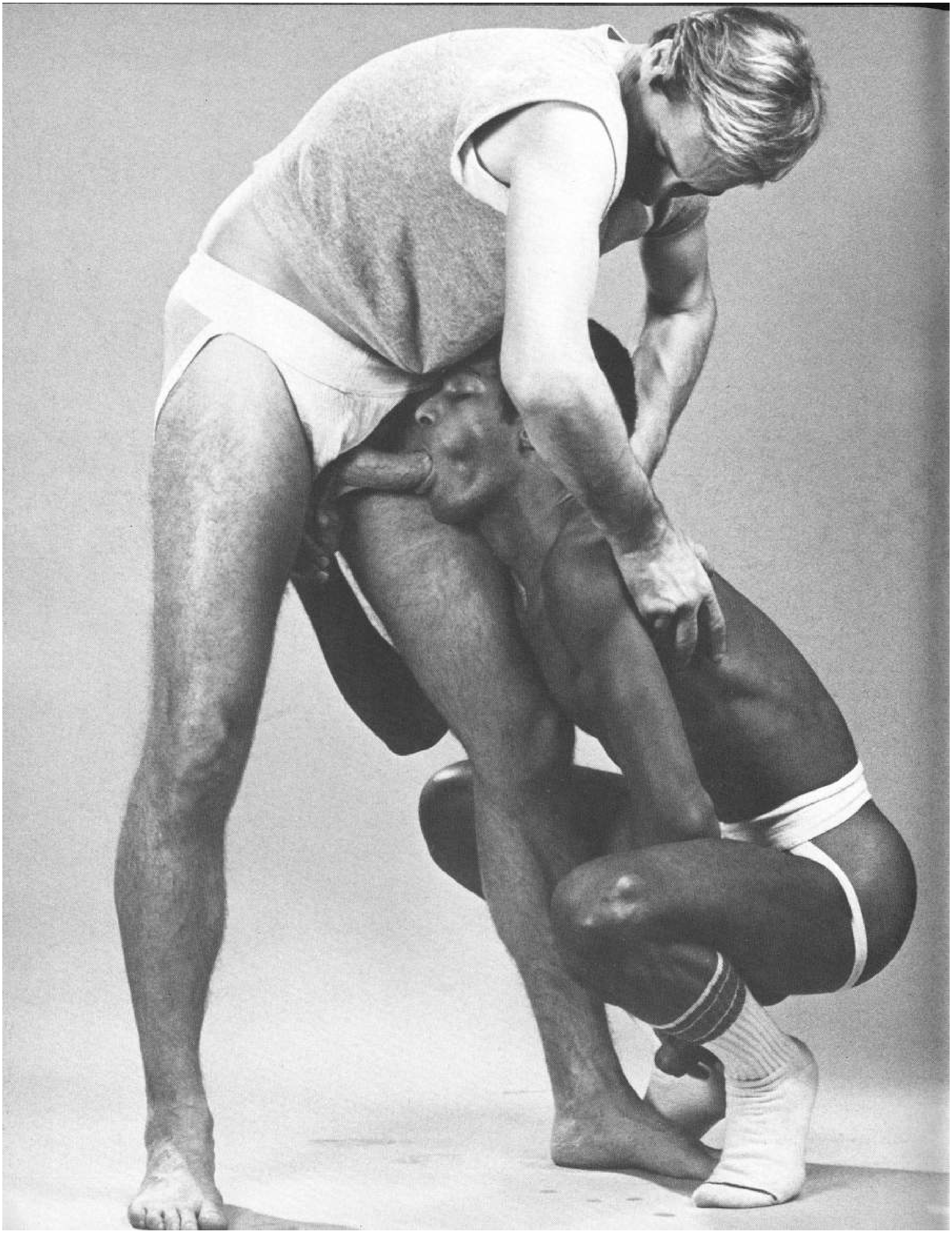
They came to New York for the picture taking. Jake arrived at the studio in a yellow T-shirt and khaki pants, Horse in a dark green tank top and skin-tight bluejeans. When we sensed that these guys were uptight, but that they'd wanted secretly to get it on for a long time, we decided to tape-record the entire session.

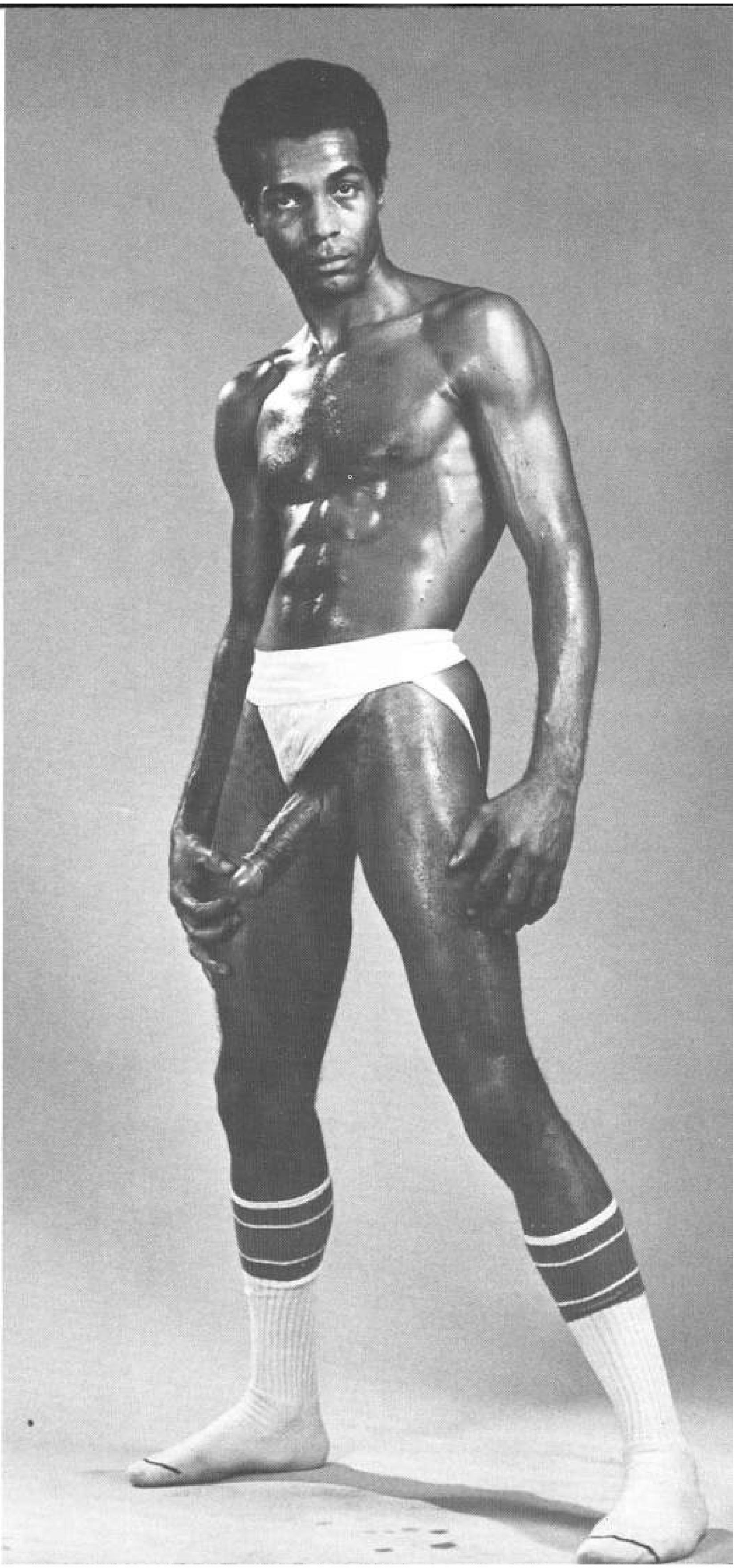












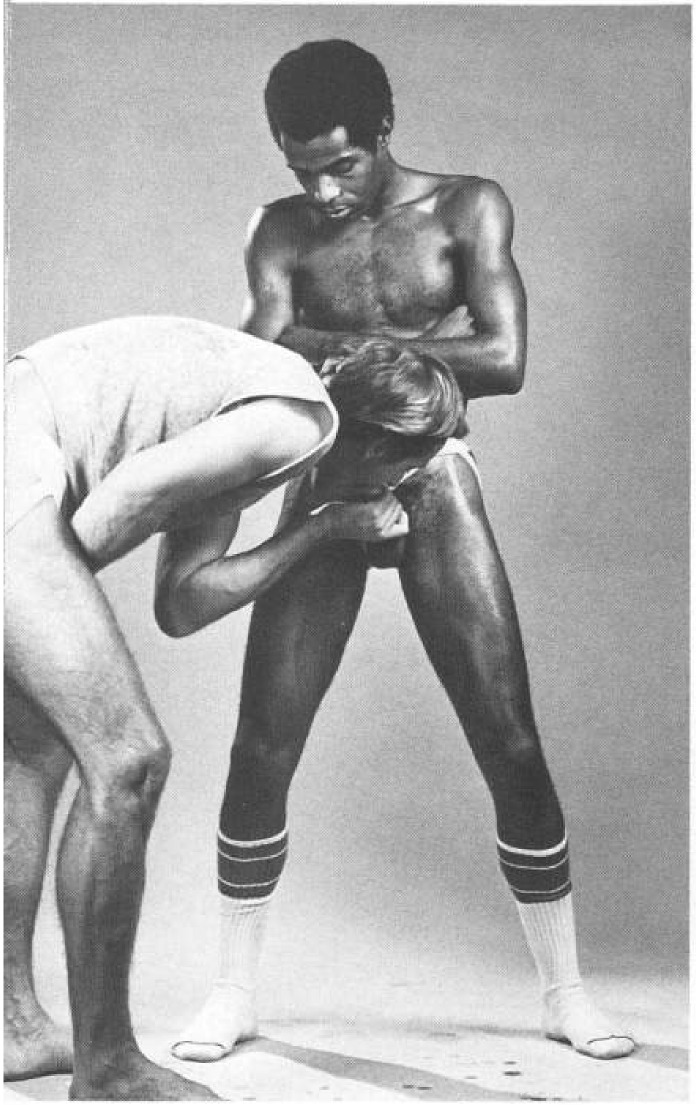
As they began to strip, Jake reached into Horse's left pocket and cupped his hand around Horse's big dick. "Hey, shithead," he kidded, "take your flashlight out of your pocket first."

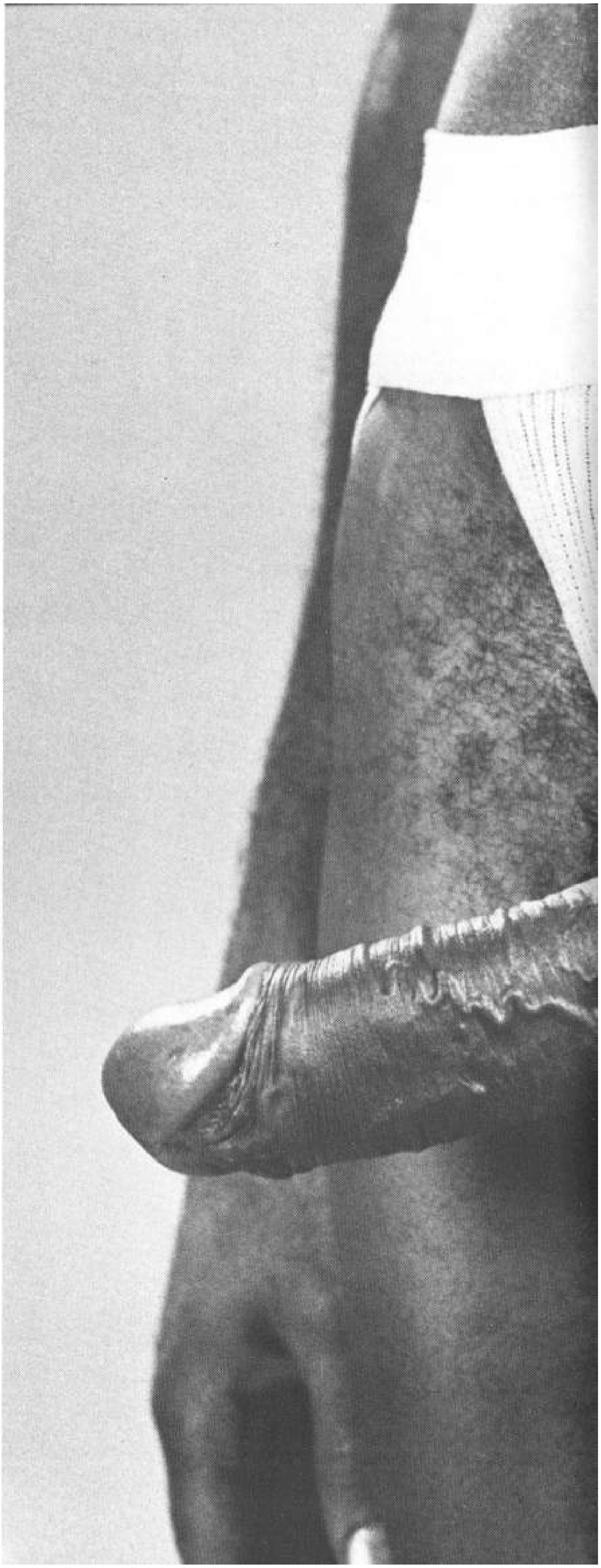
"You keep rubbin' it like that," Horse countered, "and you're sure gonna turn it on."

"Hell, that's better'n I thought . . . must take about eight batteries."

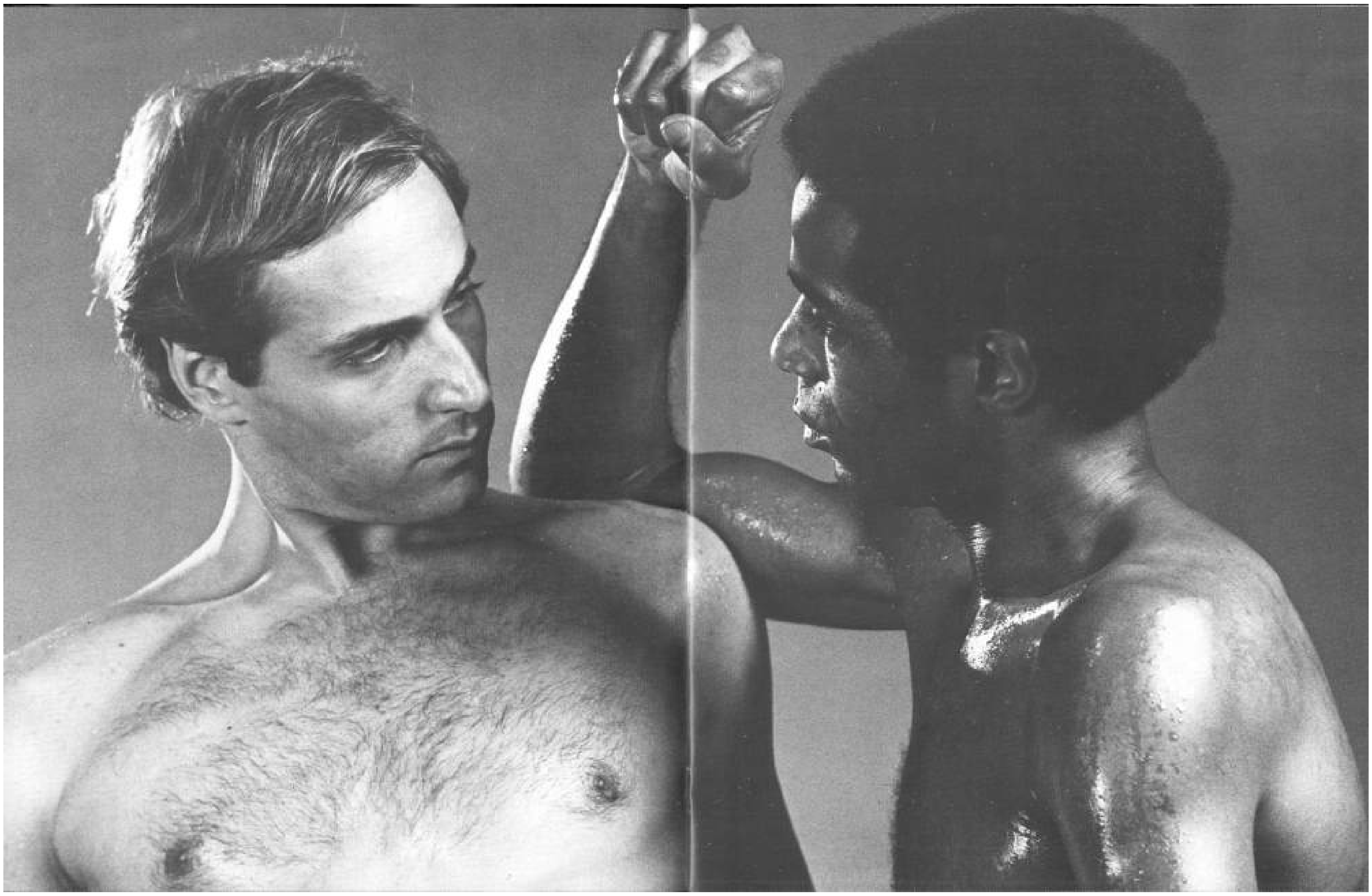
"Here, lemme give you a closer look."

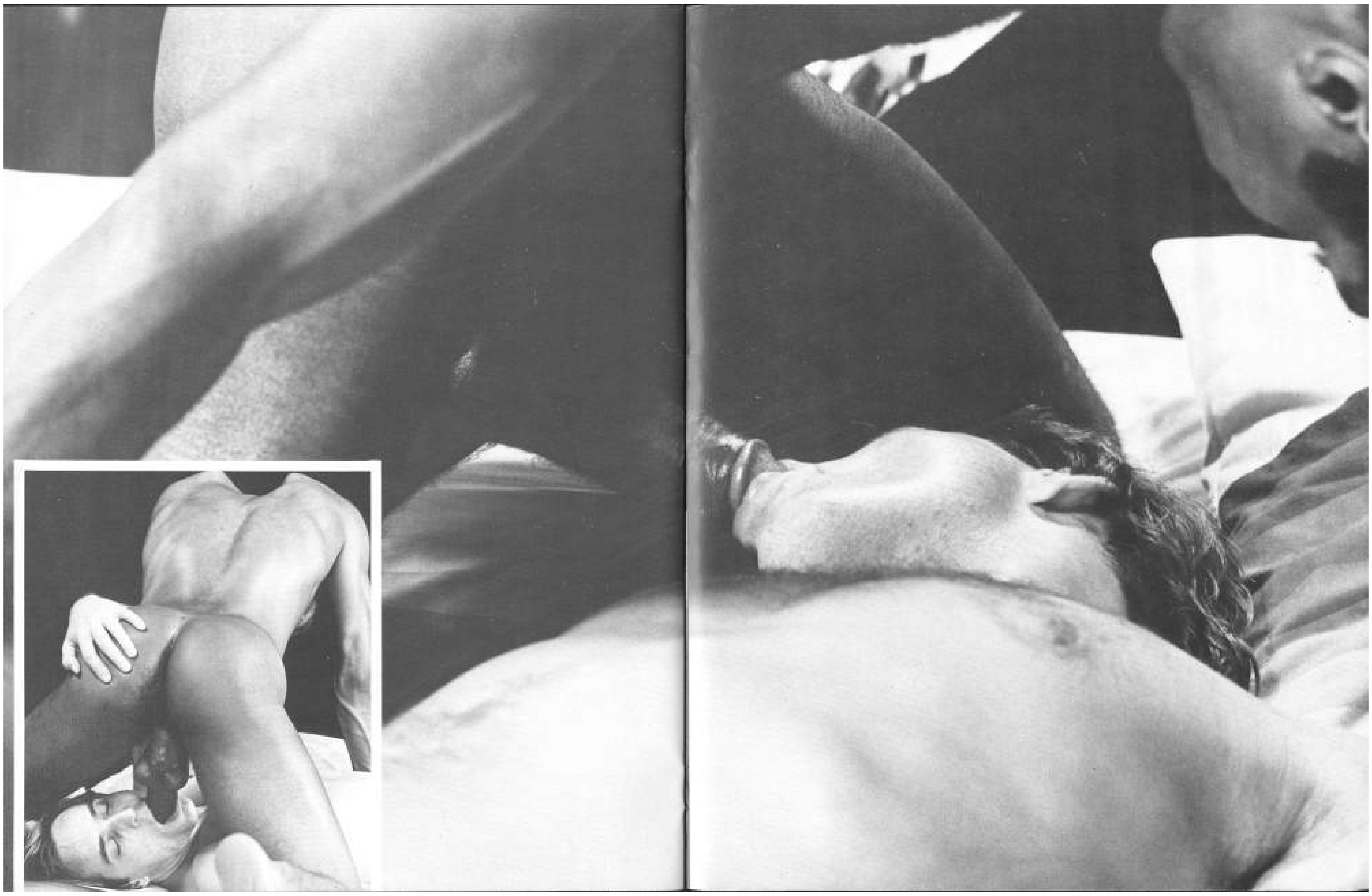
Horse hoisted out a flagpole that startled even his best buddy. "Jee-zus," Jake whistled, "I always knew you were hung, but I never *dreamed* you looked like *that*."

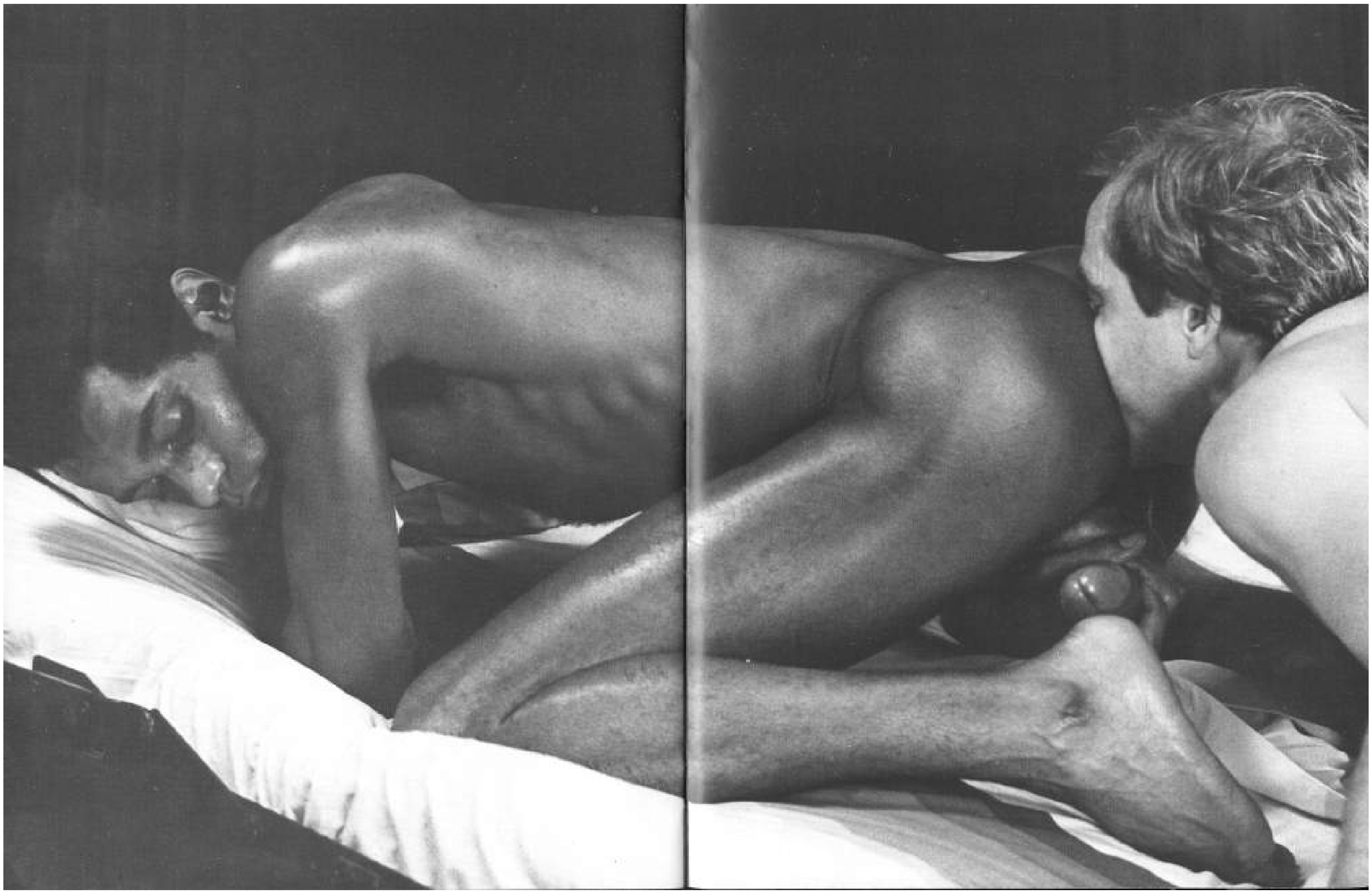


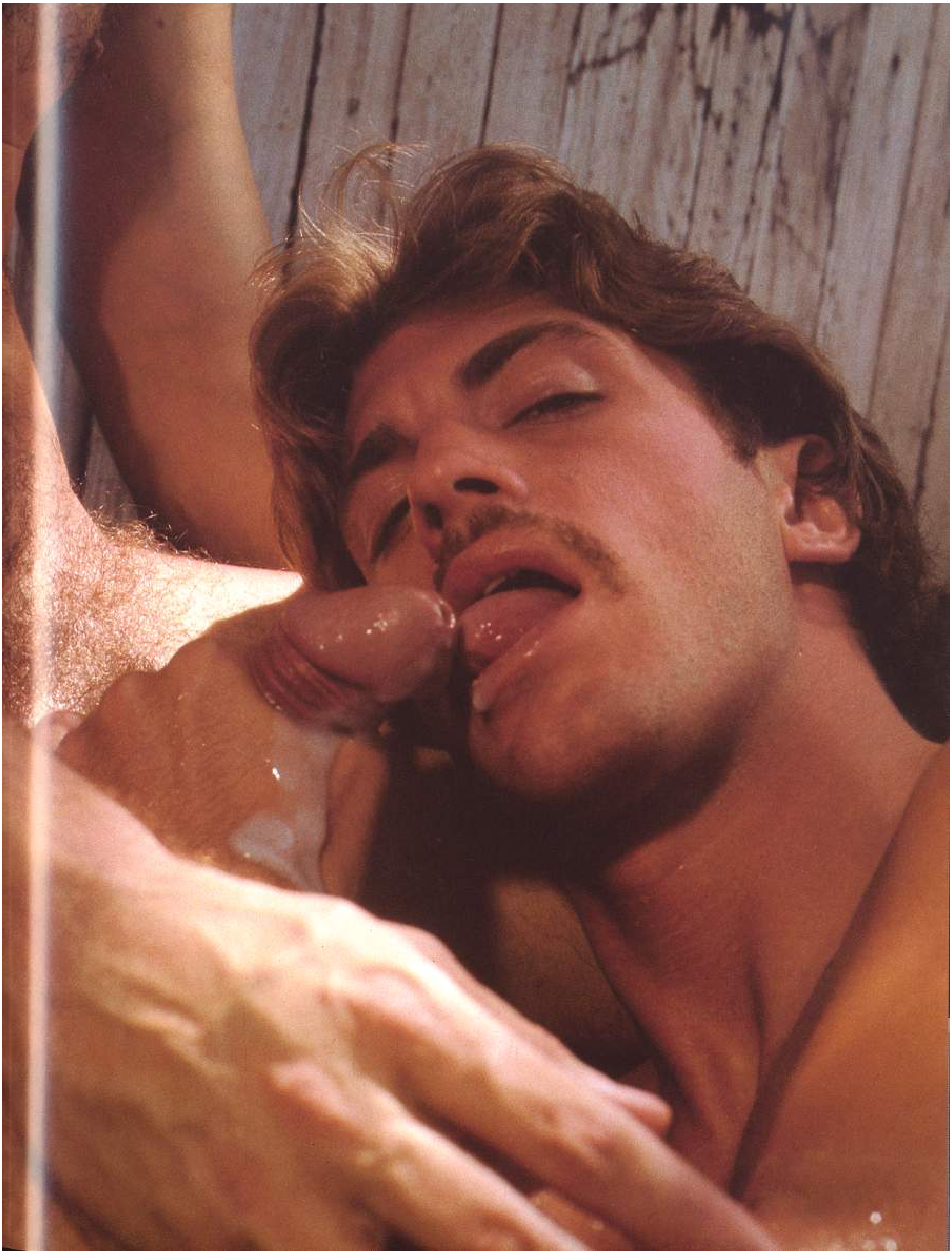


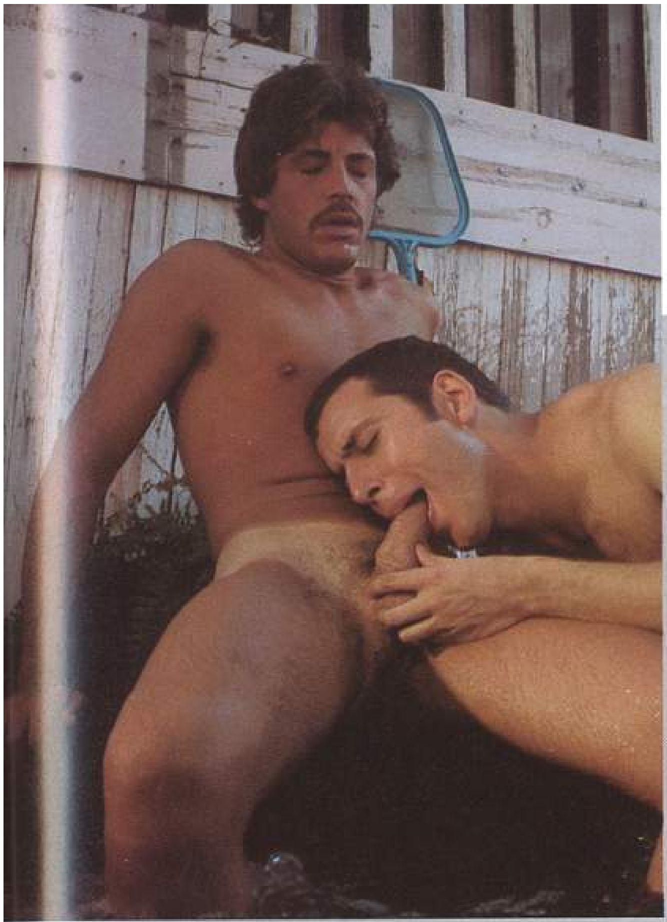
"You've only ever seen me in the shower or gettin' suited up, and there you usually don't come over and run your big, fuckin' fist up and down my dick. Here, I'll show you how to make it even bigger," grunted Horse hoarsely, as he forced Jake to his knees and down on the thick, black cockshaft.

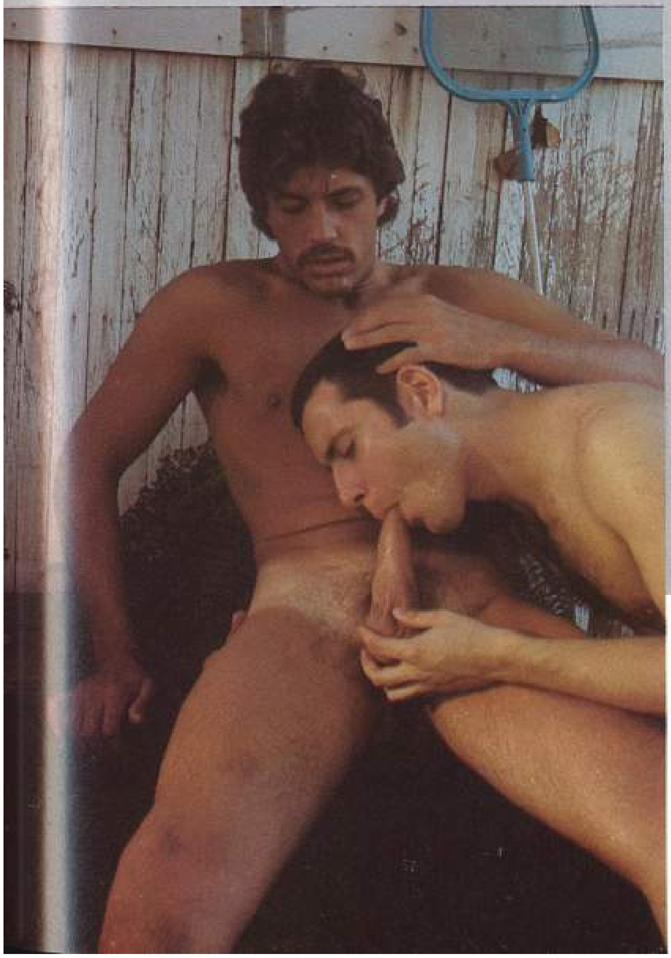


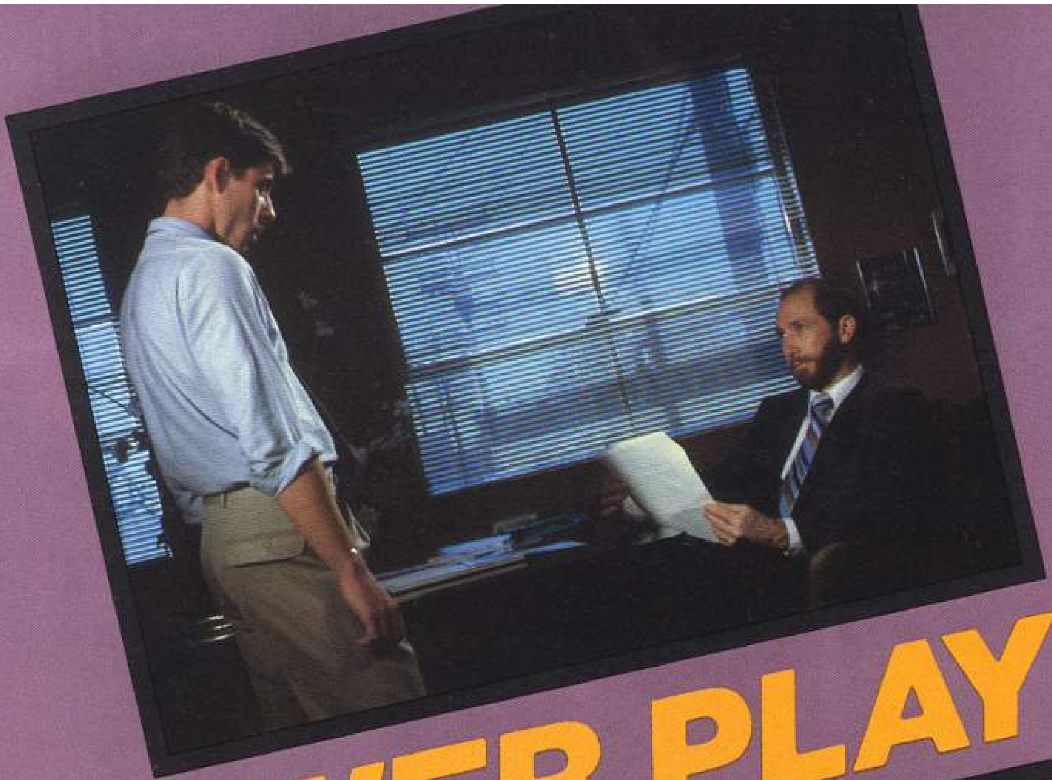




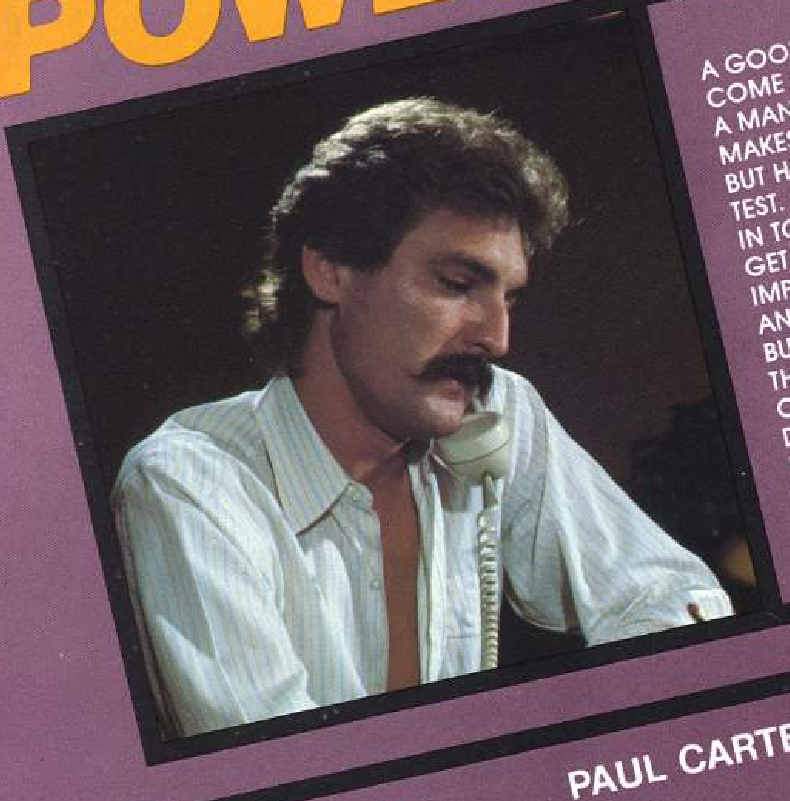








# POWER PLAY

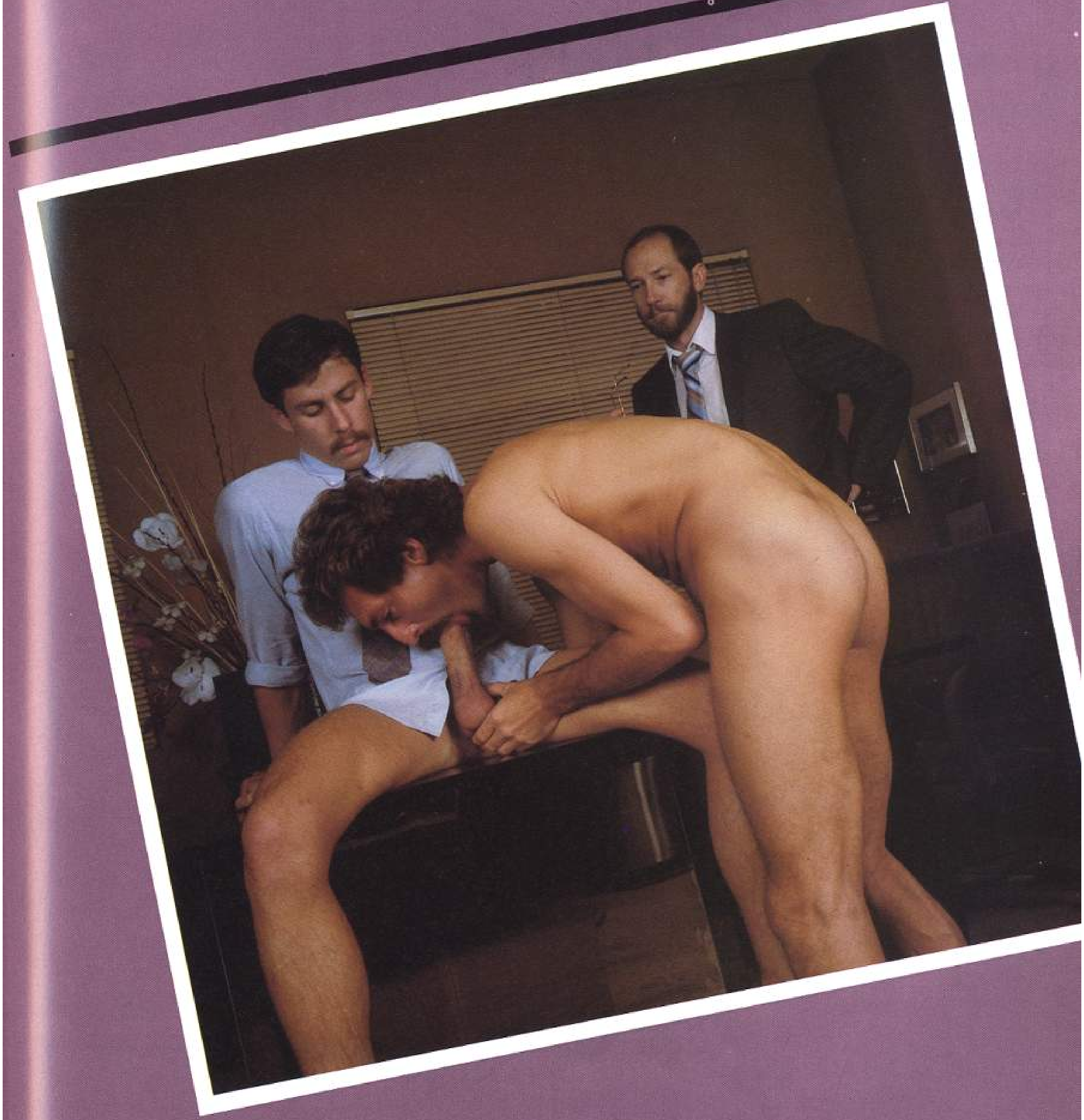


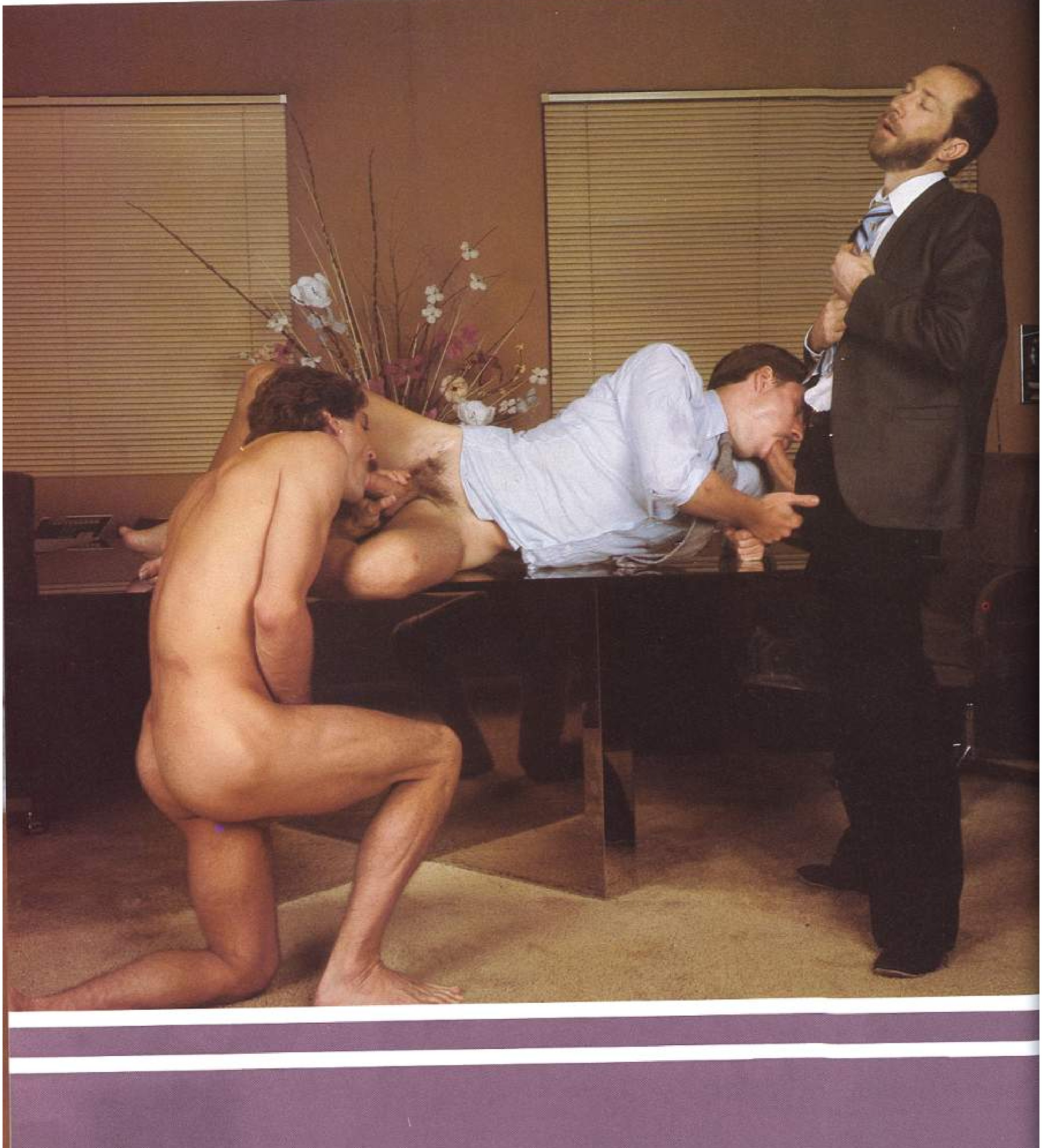
A GOOD WORKER IS HARD TO COME BY. PAUL IS LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO WILL LAST. BRAD MAKES A GOOD IMPRESSION, BUT HE'S GOT TO BE PUT TO THE TEST. PAUL CALLS HIS SECRETARY IN TO OBSERVE HOW THE MEN GET ALONG. DAN IS QUICKLY IMPRESSED BY BRAD'S HARD-ON AND BEGINS TO BLOW HIS MEAT. BUT PAUL DEMANDS A LOT MORE THAN A BIG AND HANDSOME COCK. HE SHOVES HIS OWN DICK IN BRAD'S MOUTH TO SEE IF HE CAN SUCK. AS THE THREE MEN FORM A DEEP THROAT CHAIN, BRAD KNOWS THE JOB IS HIS.

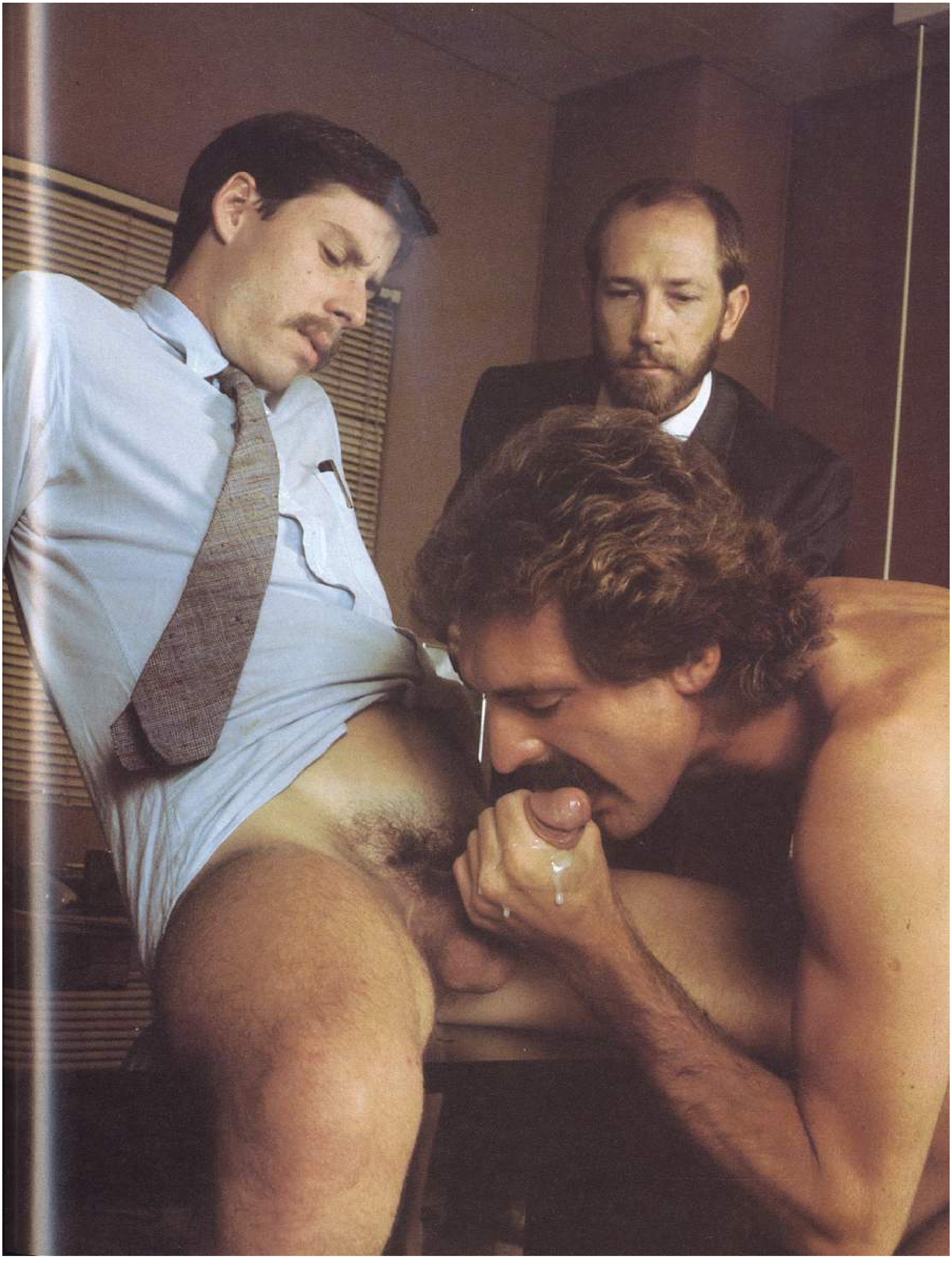
**BRAD JONES**

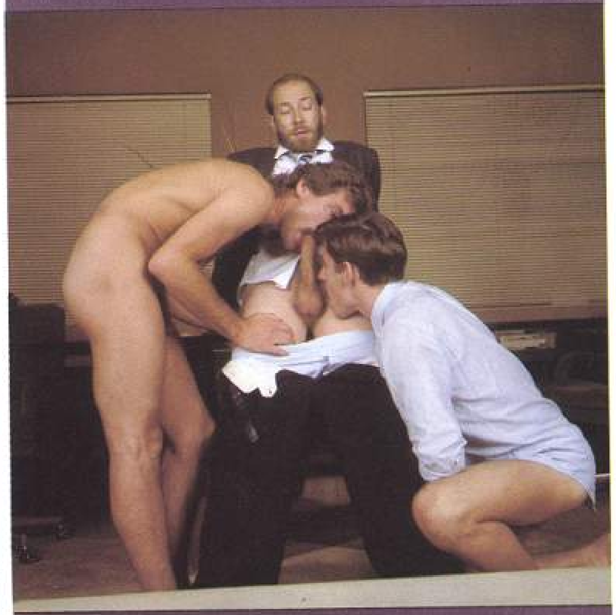
**PAUL CARTER**

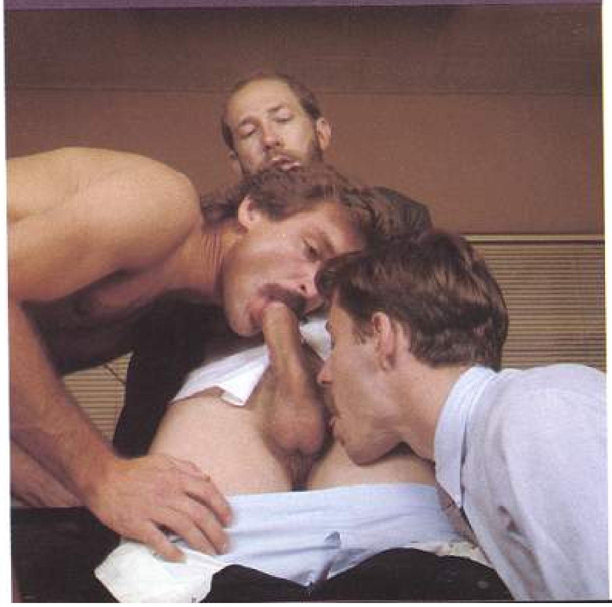
**DAN ARCHER**











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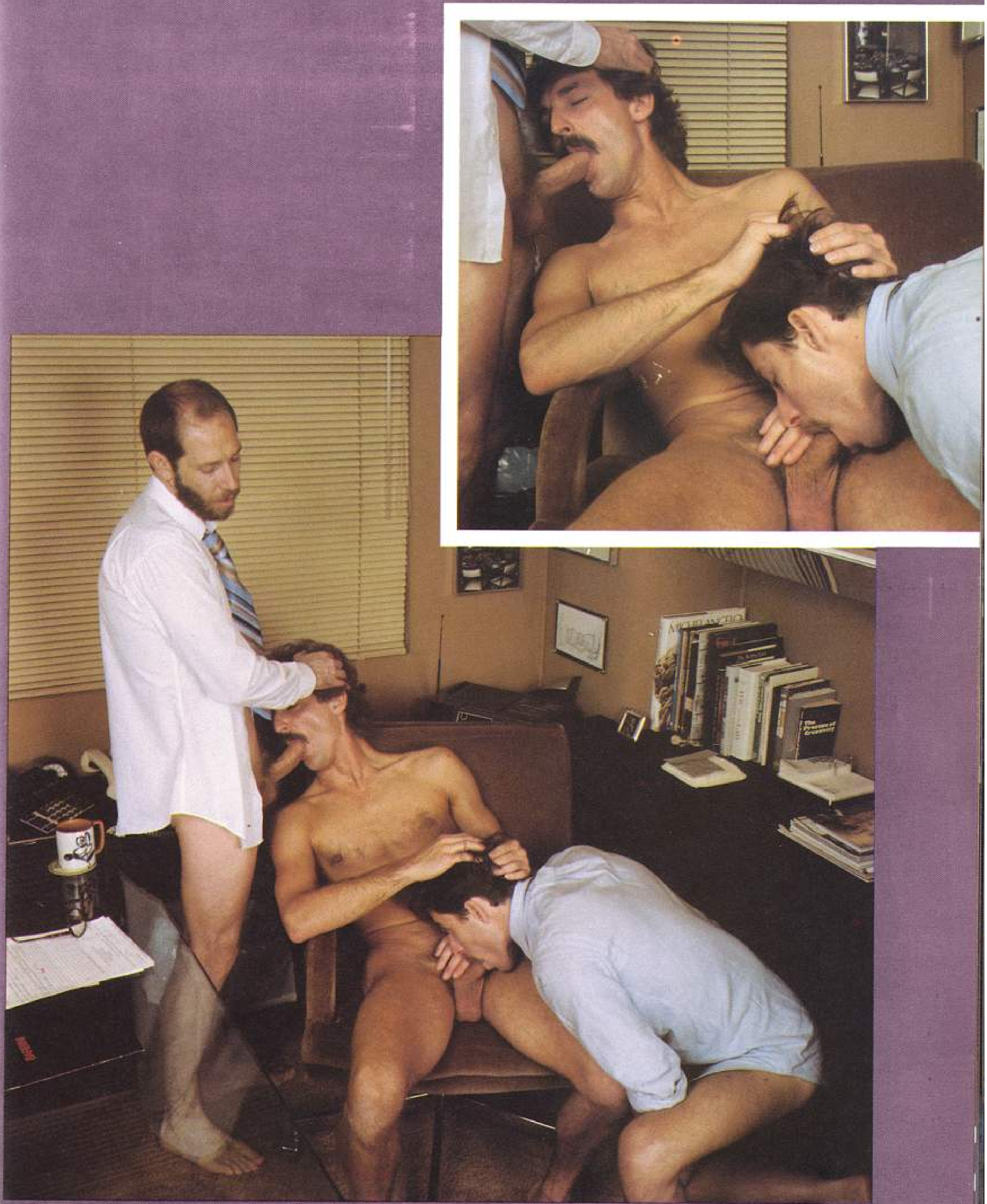
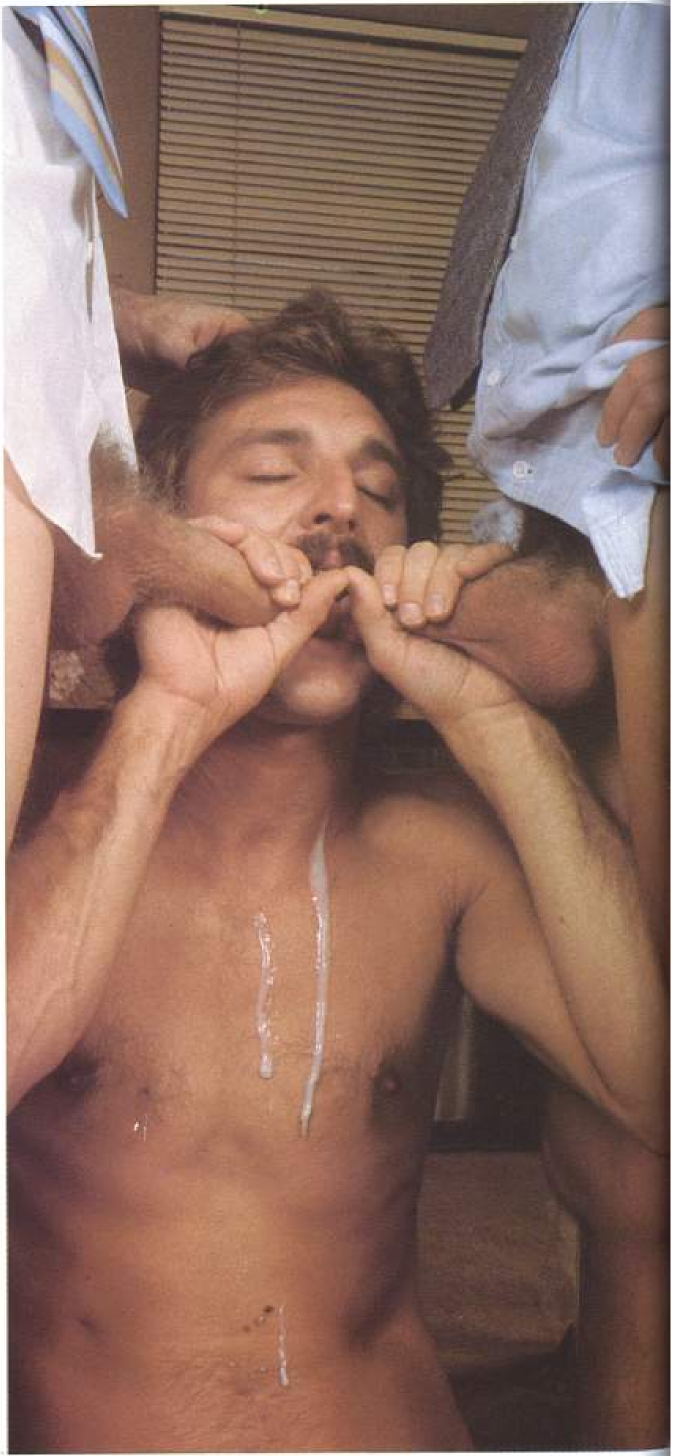
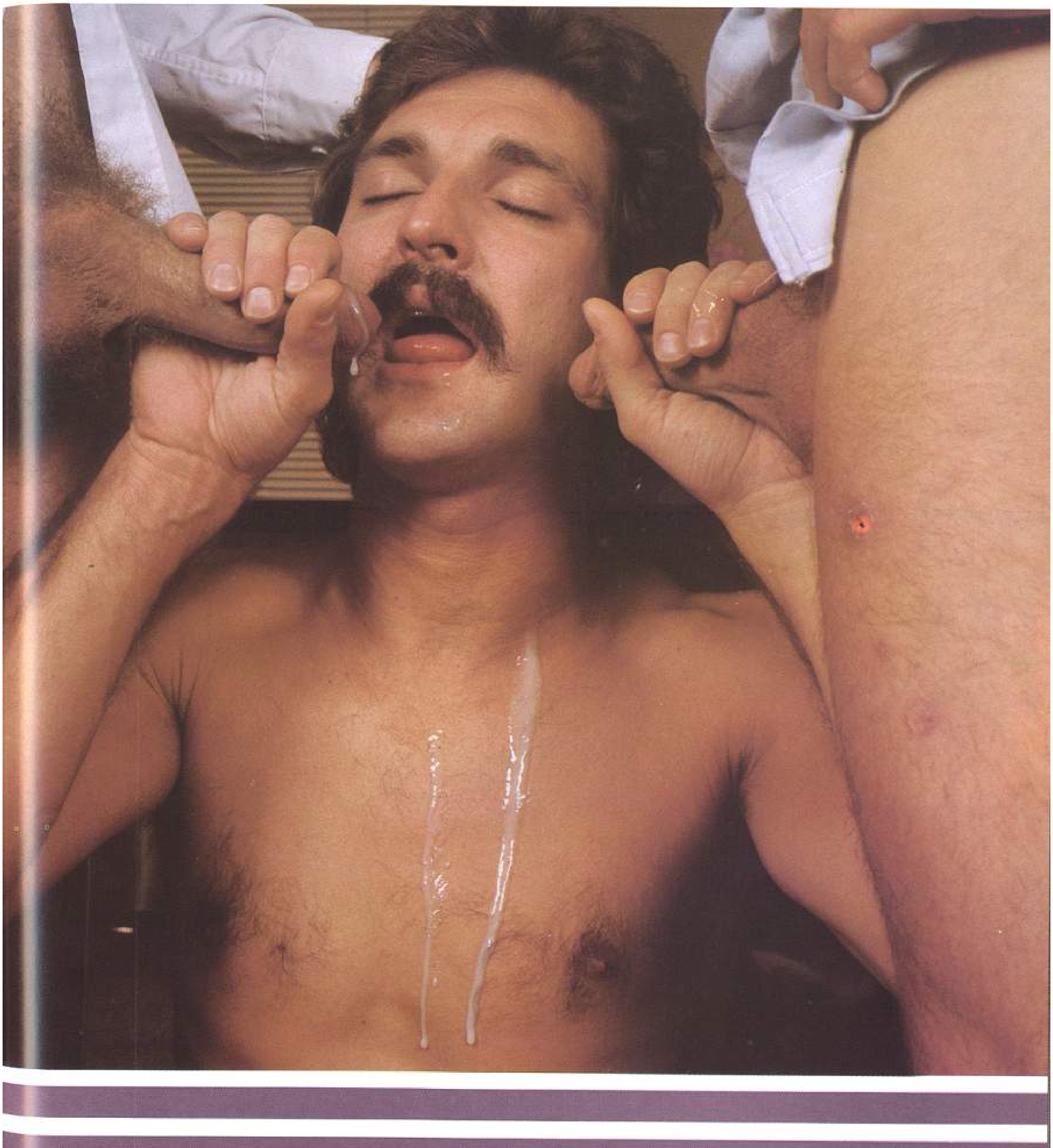
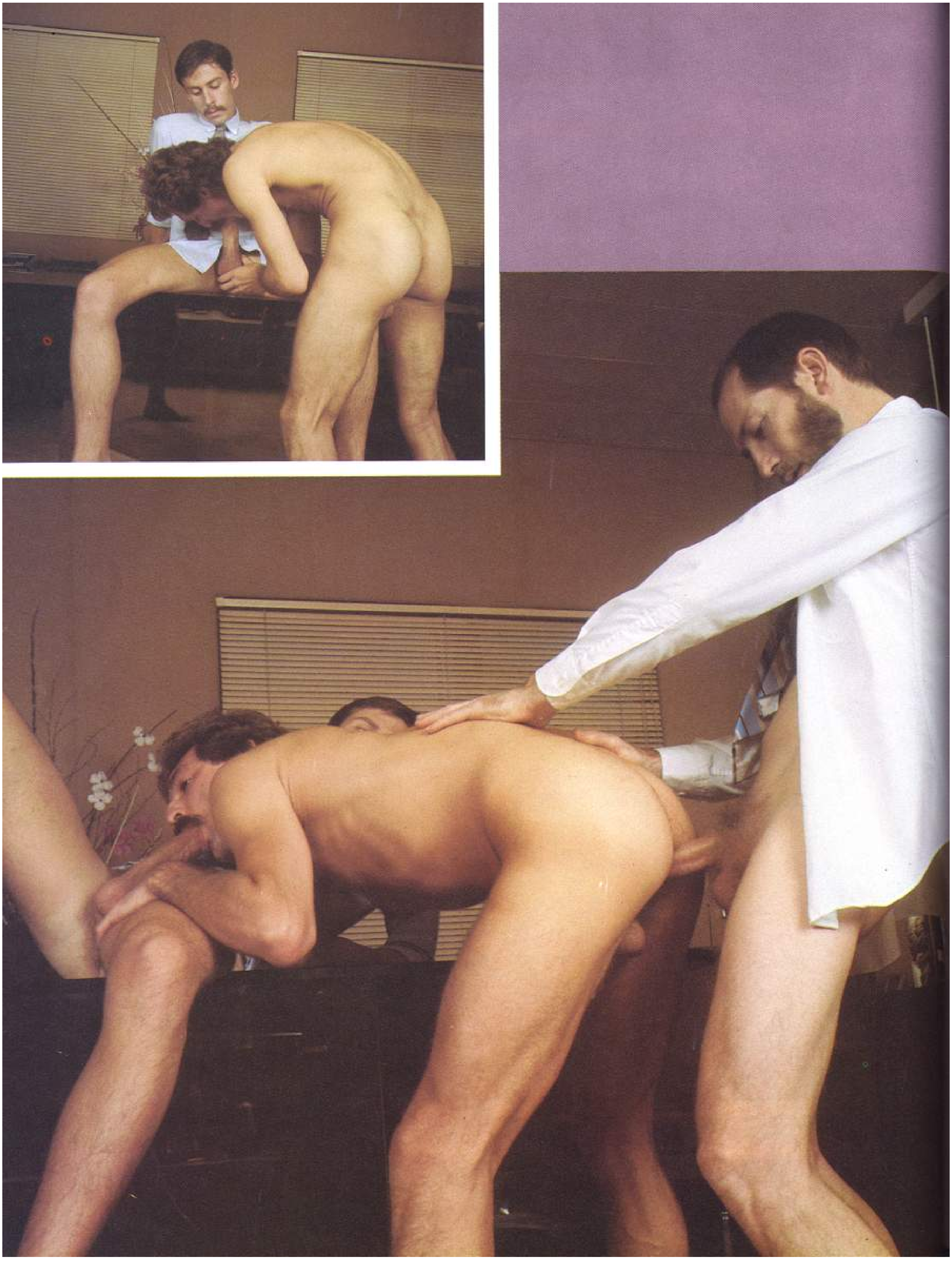


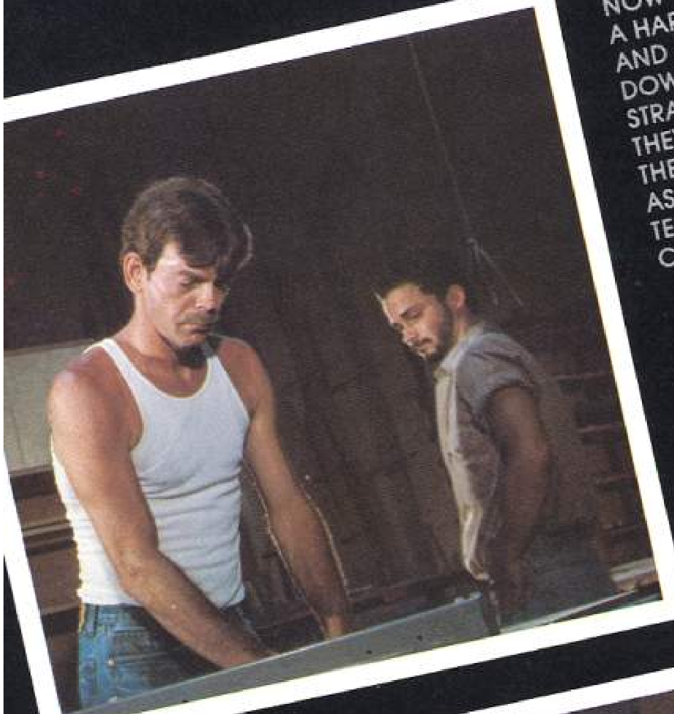


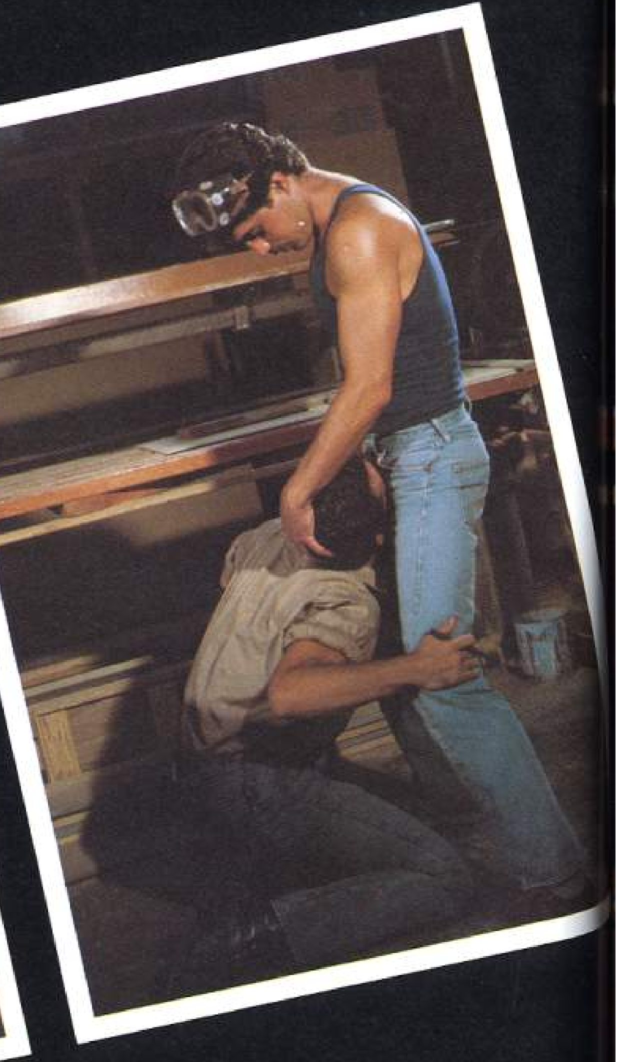


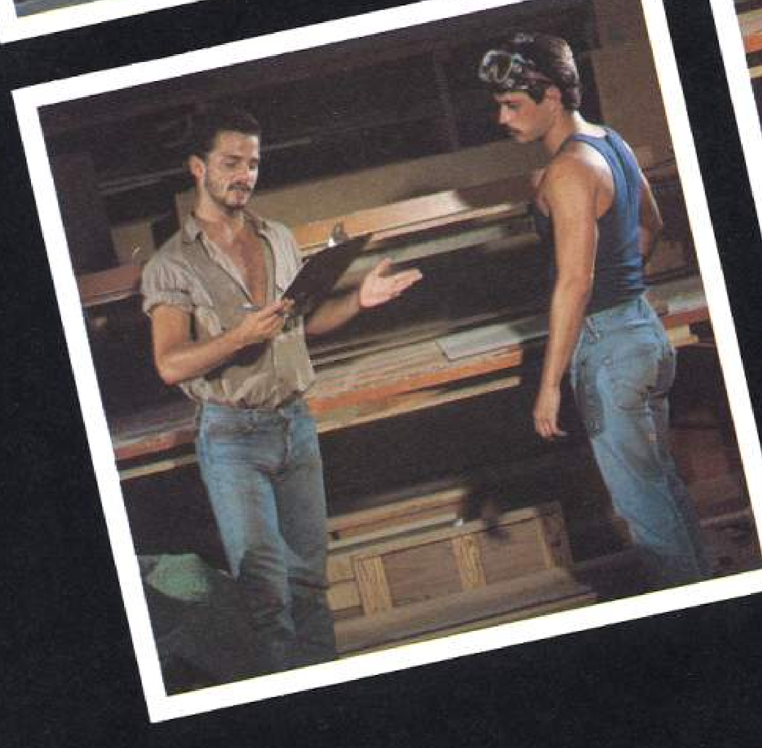


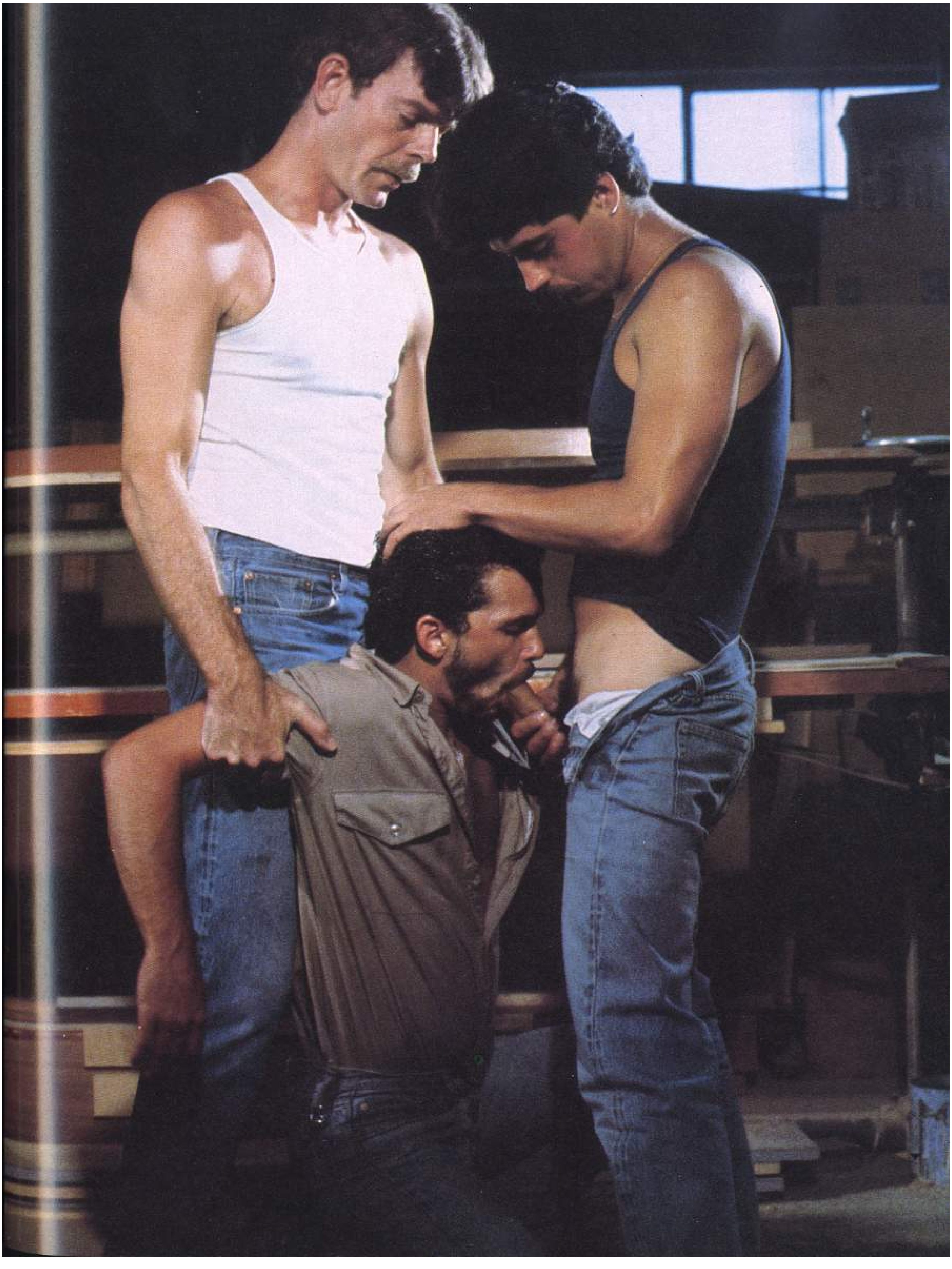
# OVERTIME

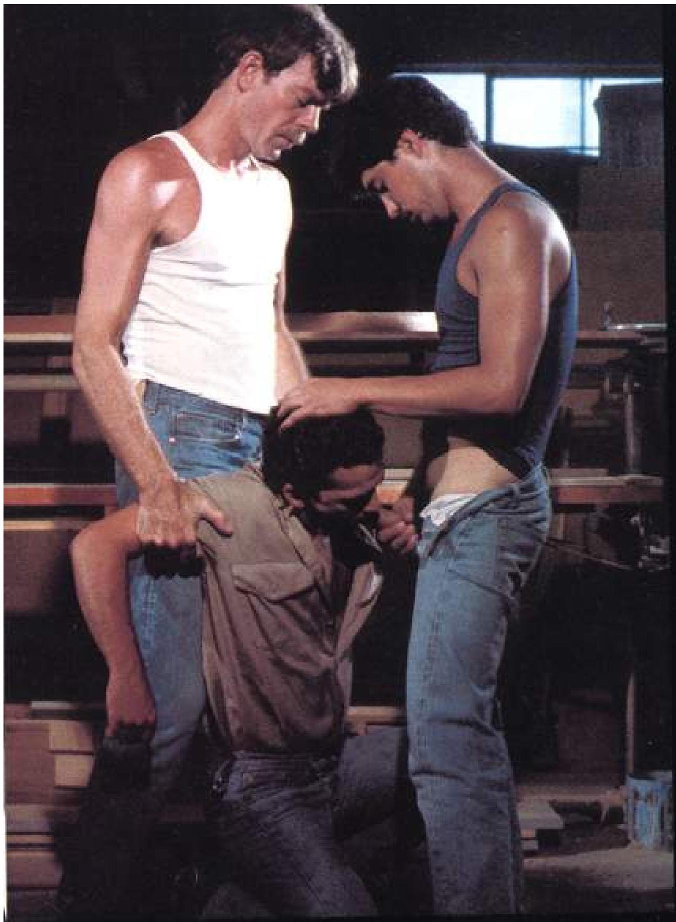
YOU'D THINK TED WOULD HAVE LEARNED BY NOW THAT YOU JUST DON'T GIVE THESE GUYS A HARD TIME. HE'S REALLY ASKING FOR IT. AND HE'S FUCKING WELL GOING TO GET IT. DOWN HIS THROAT AND UP HIS ASS. THEY'LL STRAIGHTEN THIS COCKY FOREMAN OUT, IF THEY HAVE TO BUTTFUCK HIM ALL NIGHT. THEN THEY'LL MAKE HIM TASTE THEIR VICTORY AS THEY JACK OFF THEIR LOADS IN HIS FACE. TED'S ABOUT TO LEARN A LESSON, ONE HIS COCK IS BEGGING FOR.

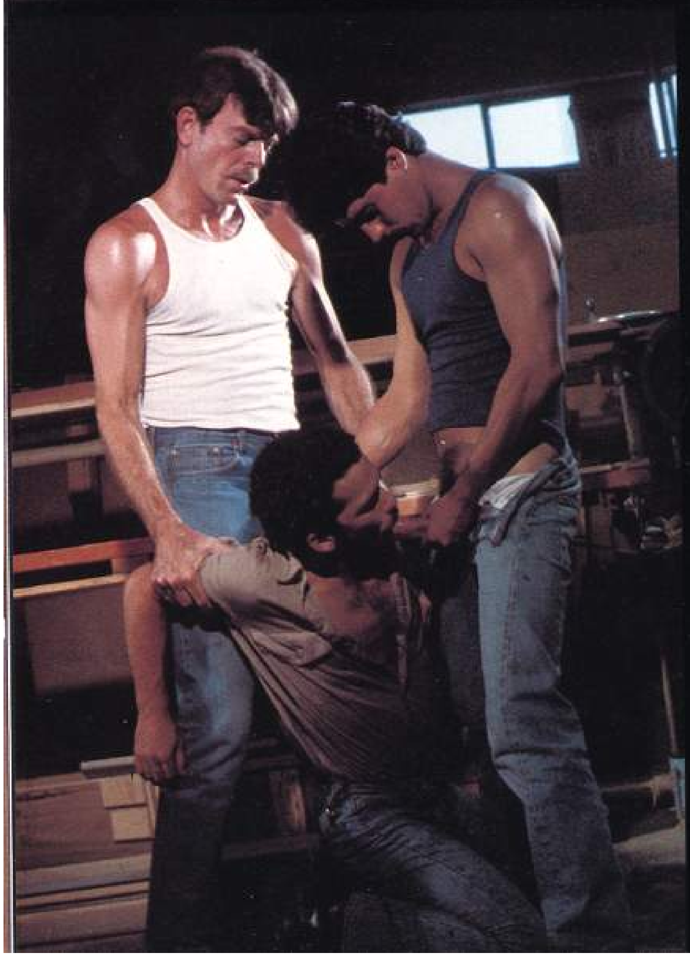


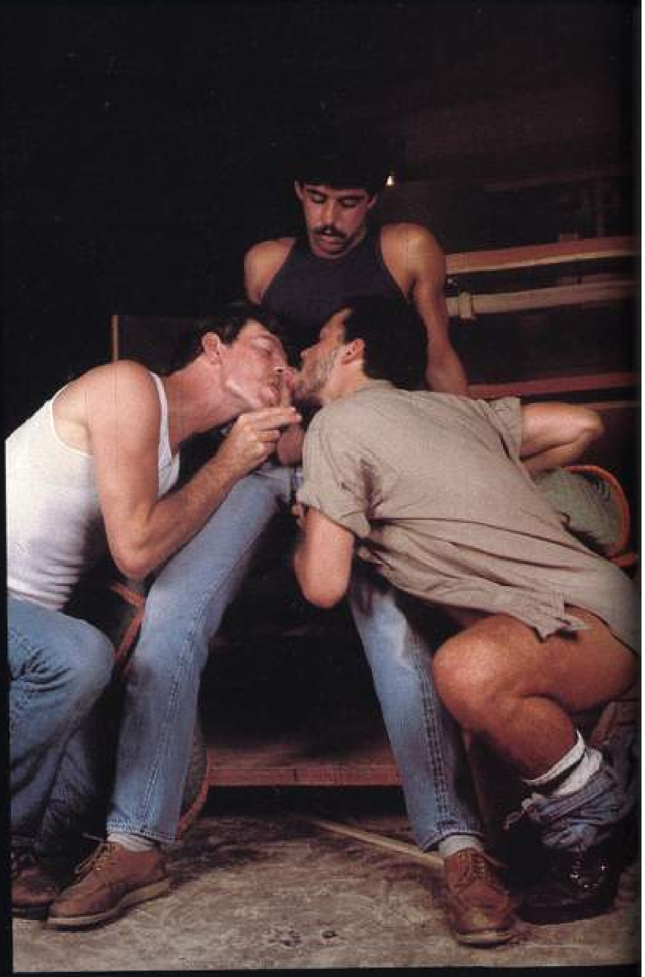


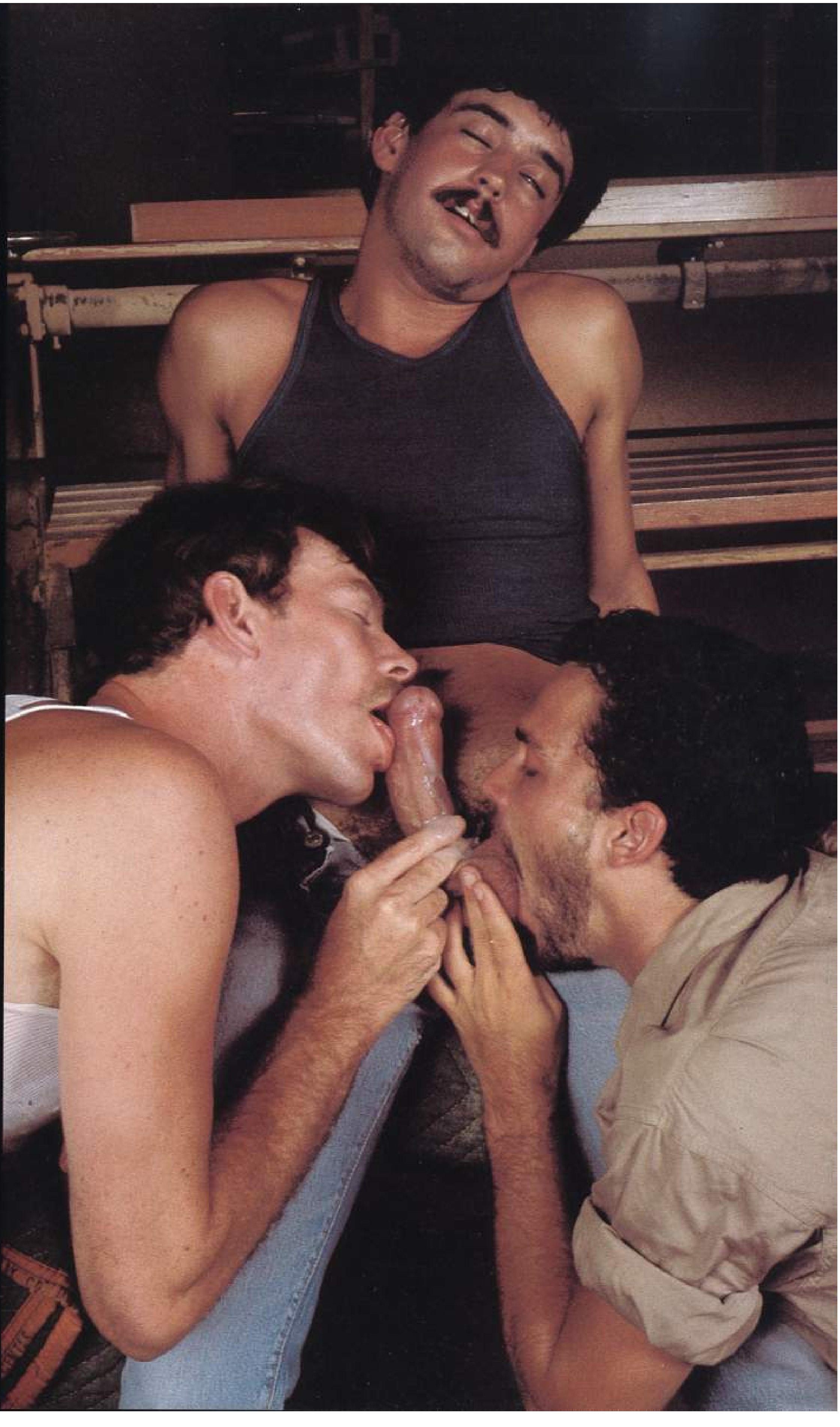


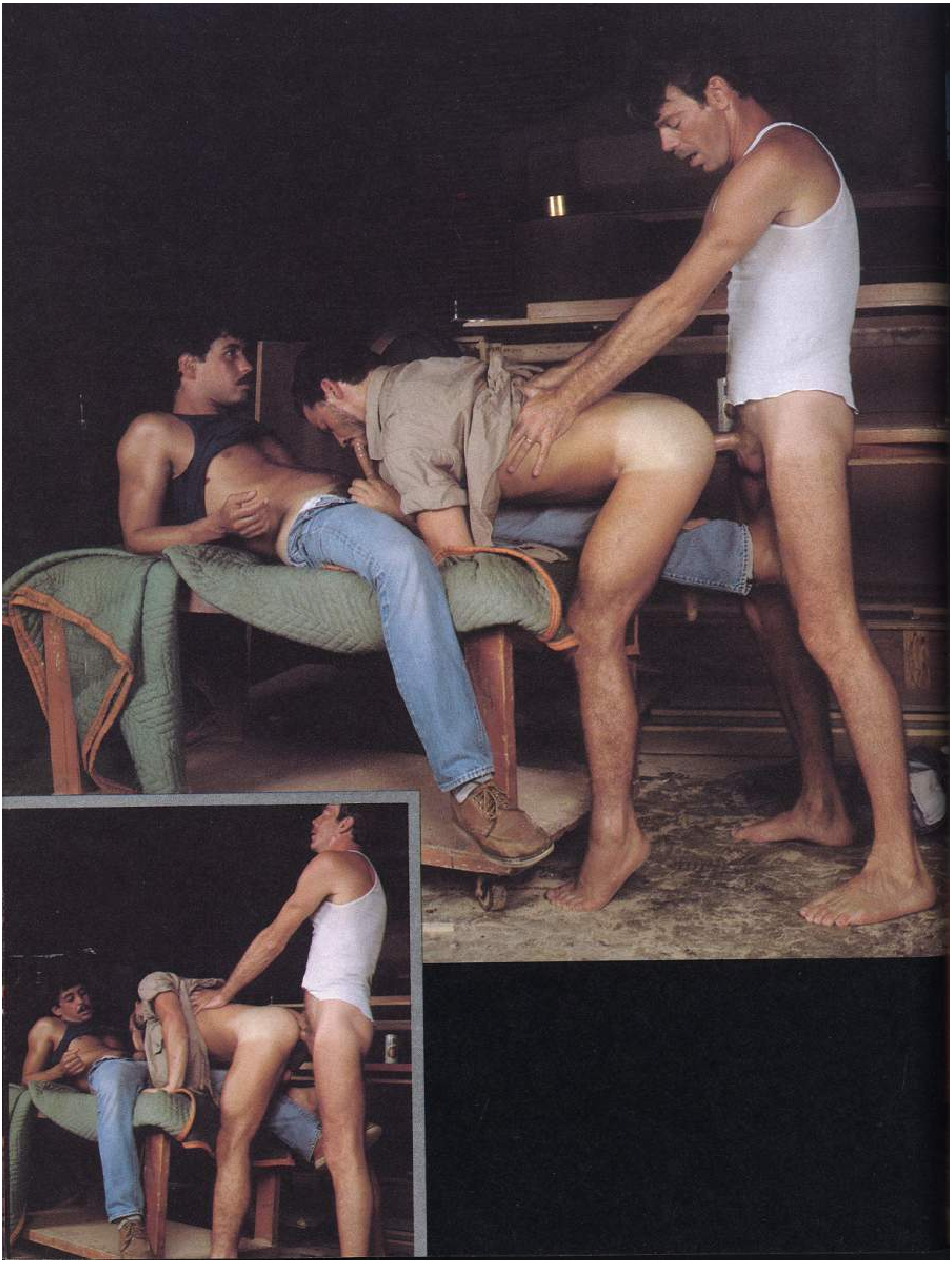


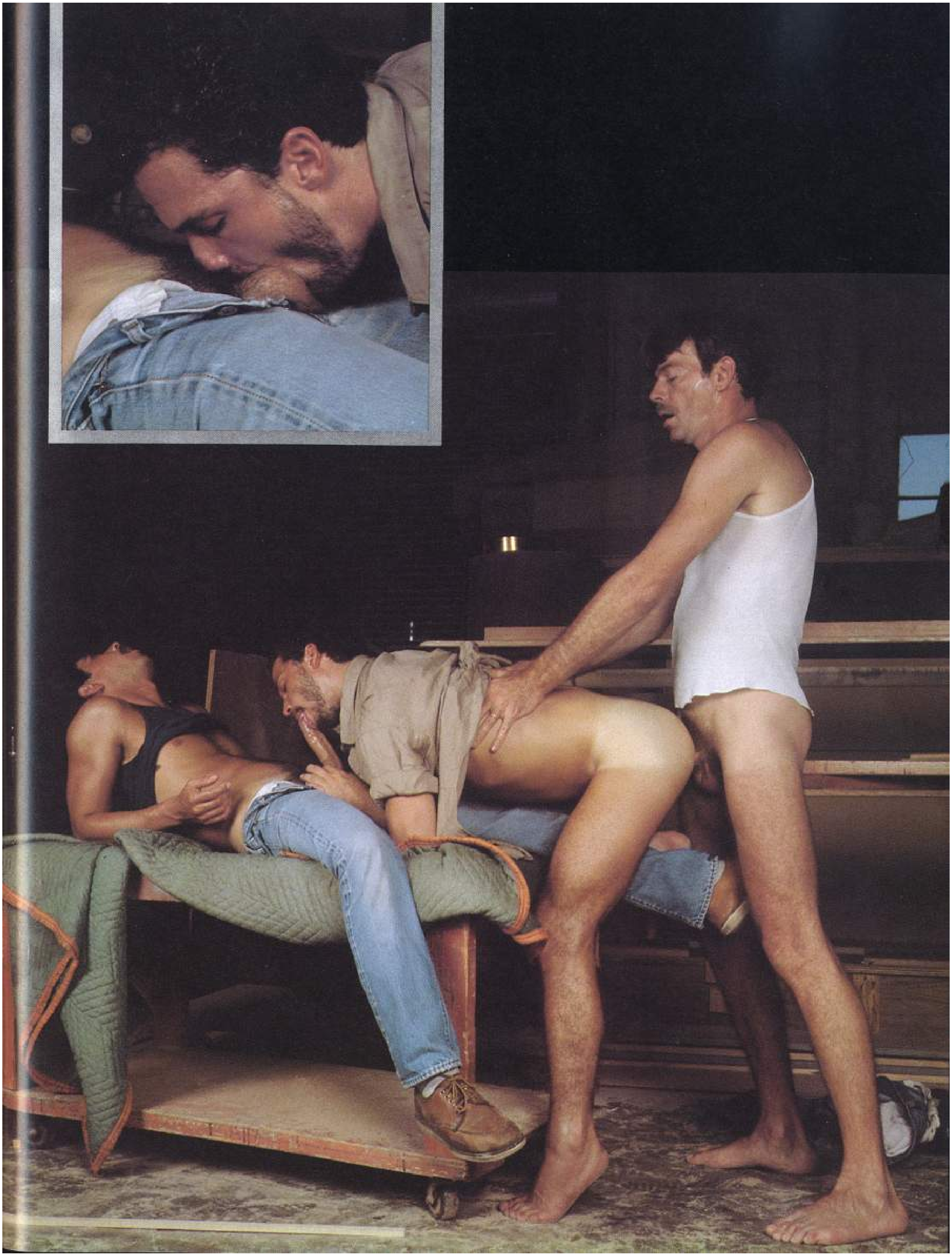


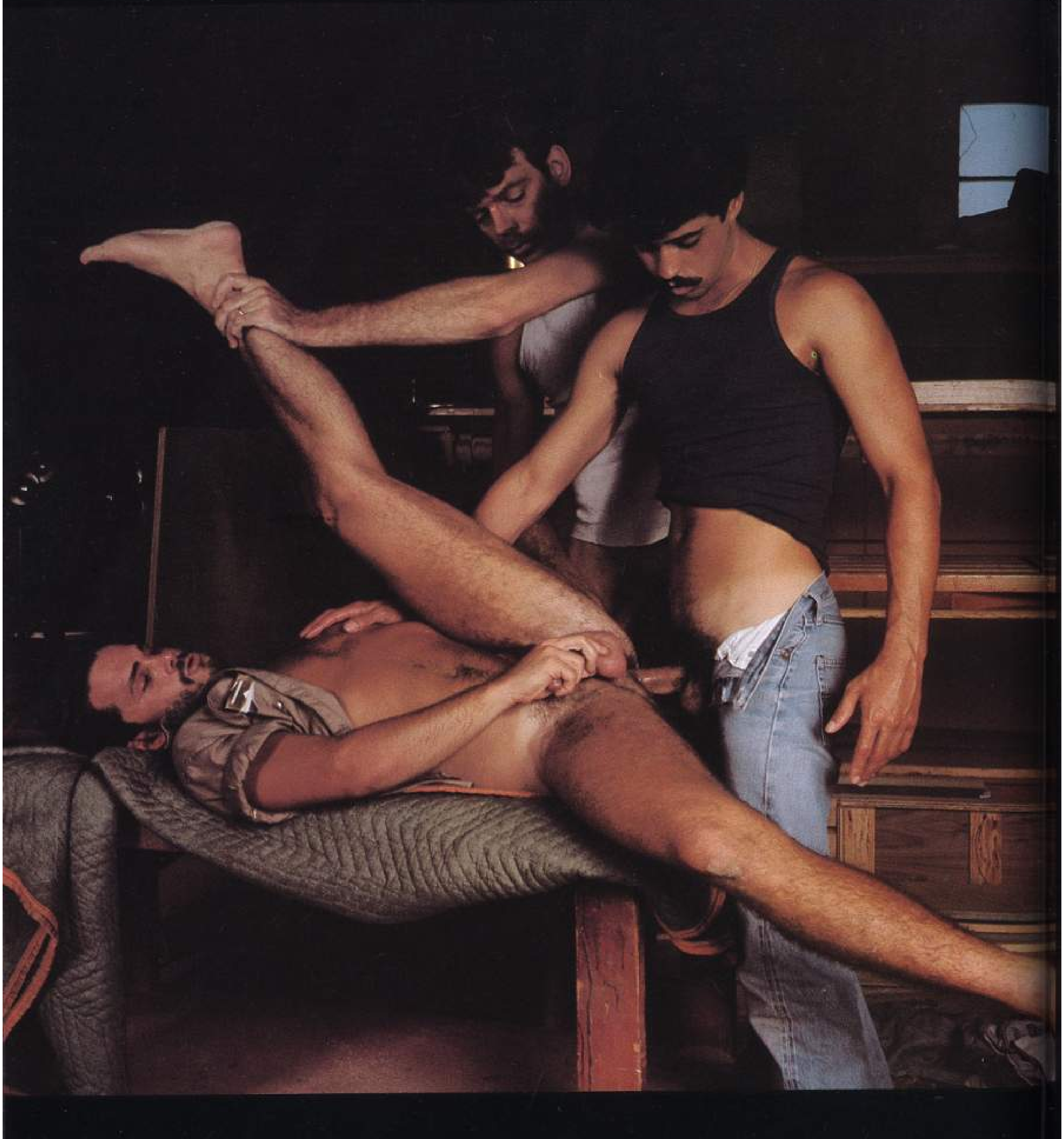


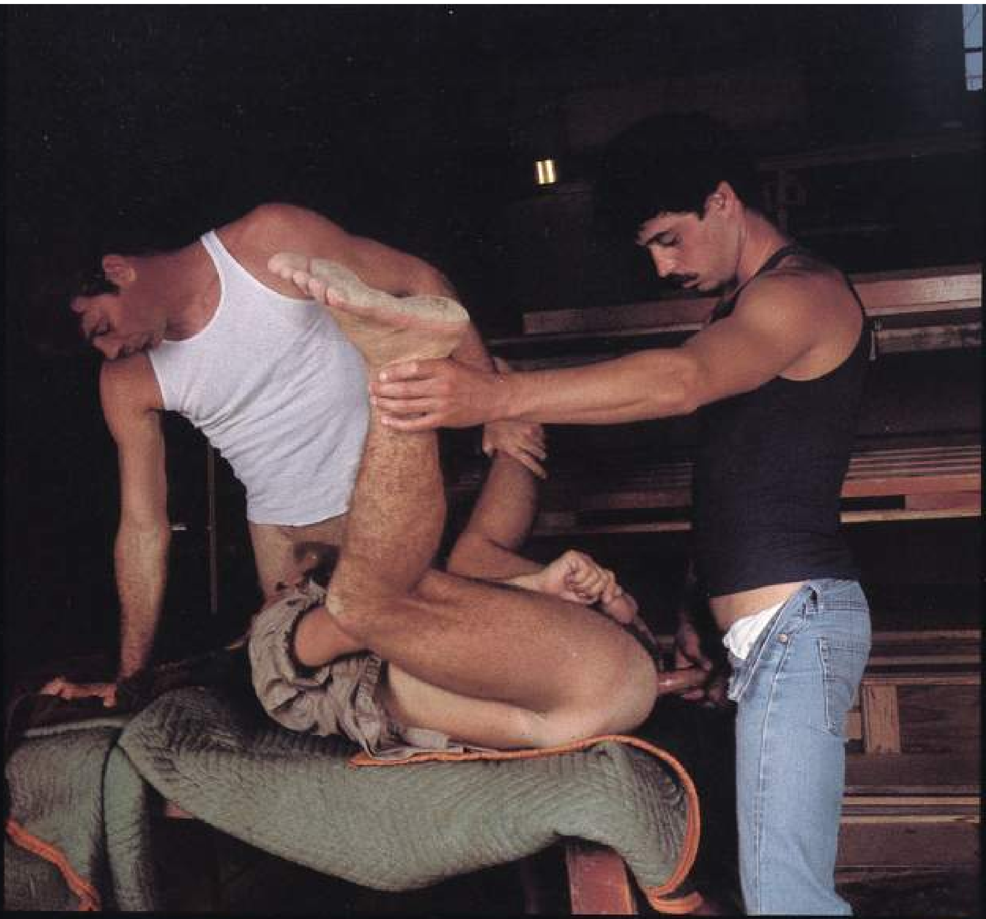


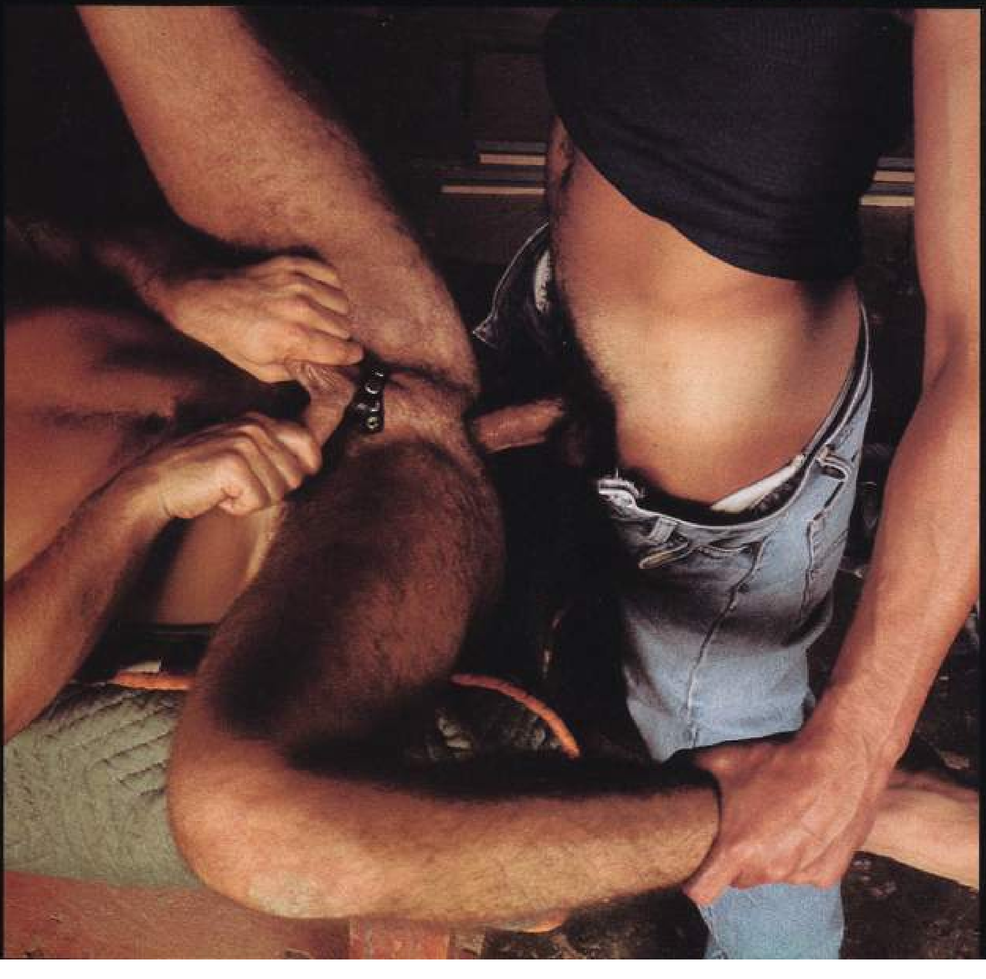


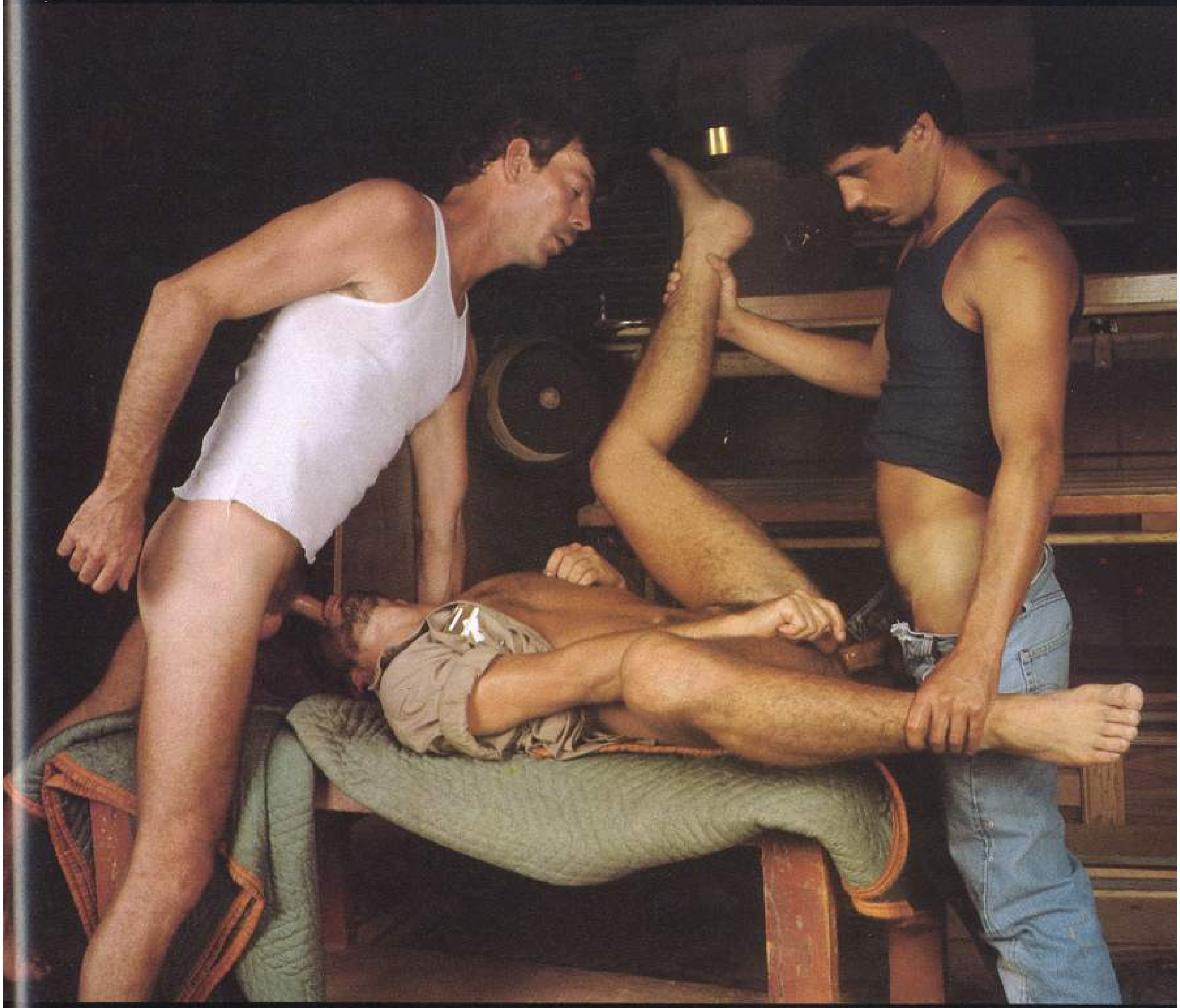


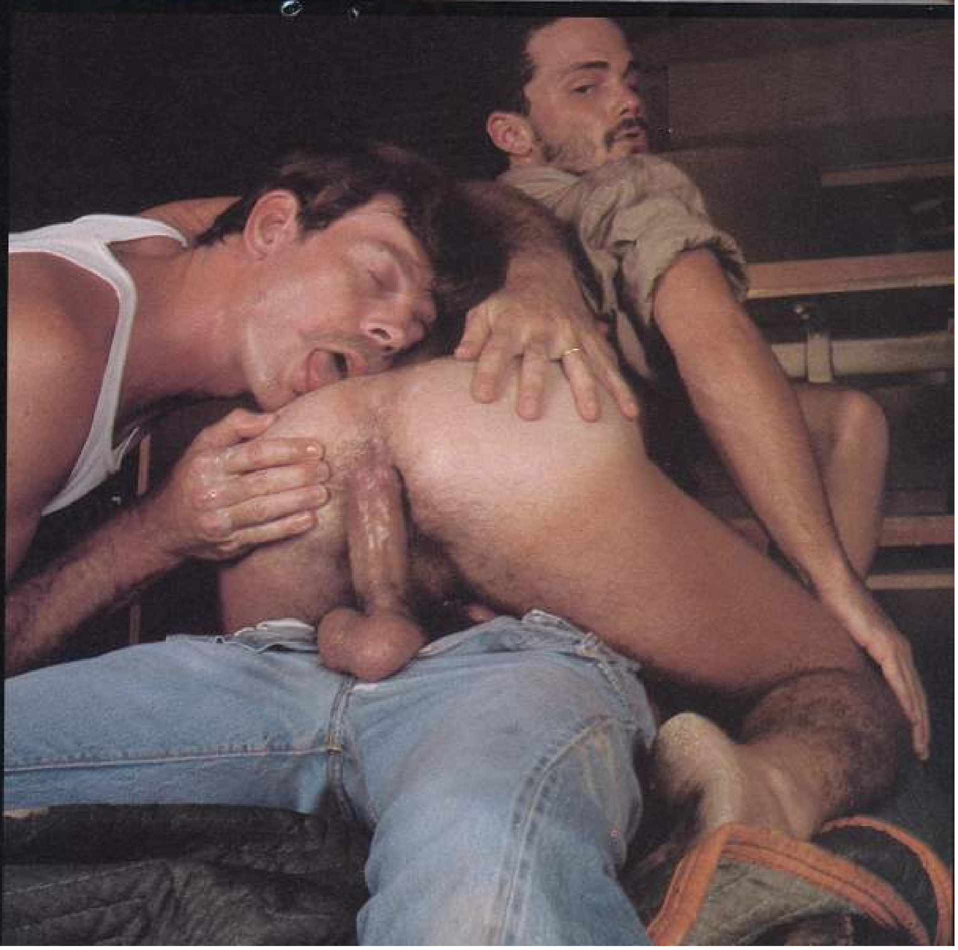


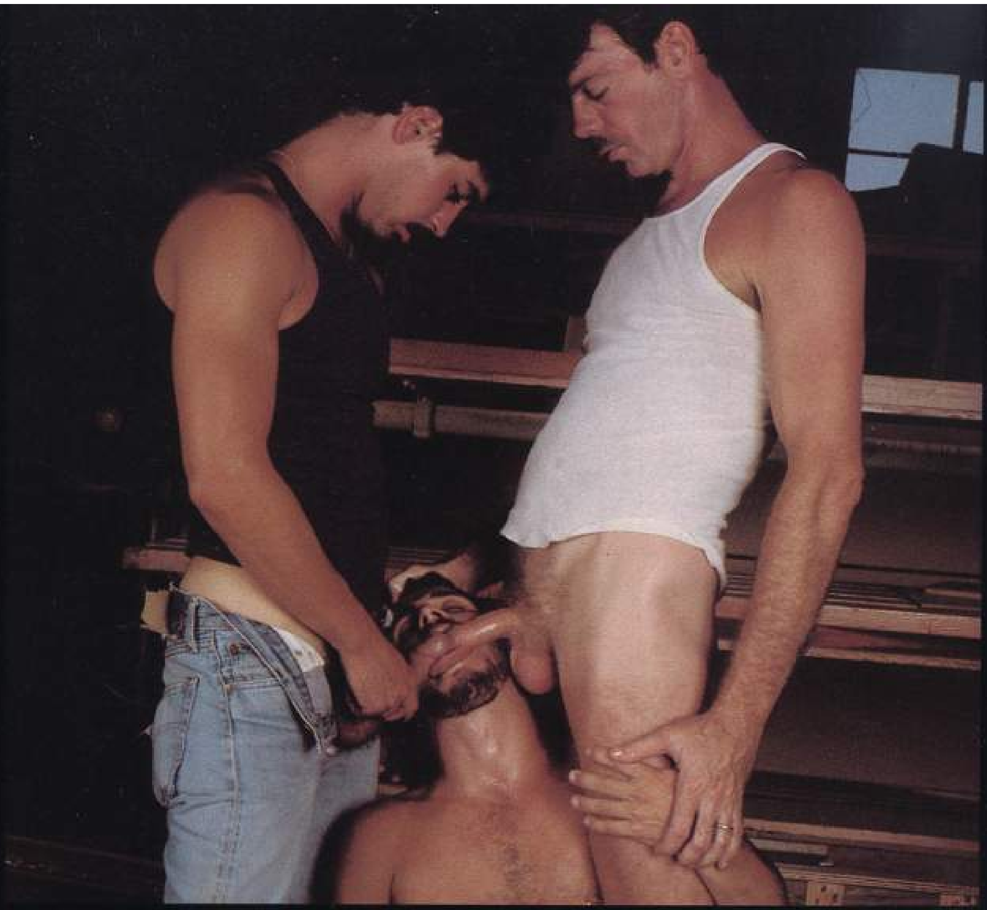








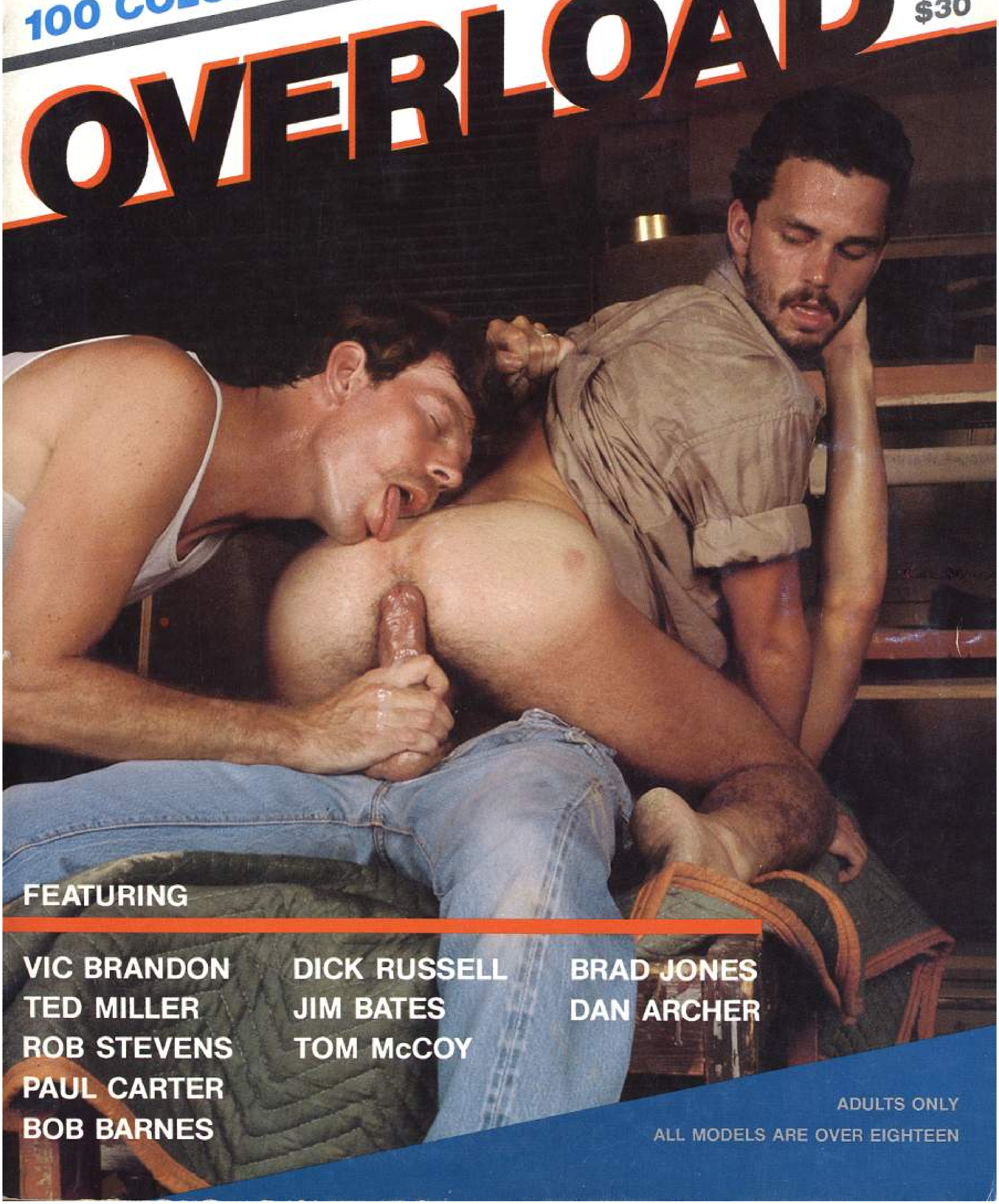




100 COLOR PAGES

# OVERLOAD

OV01
$30

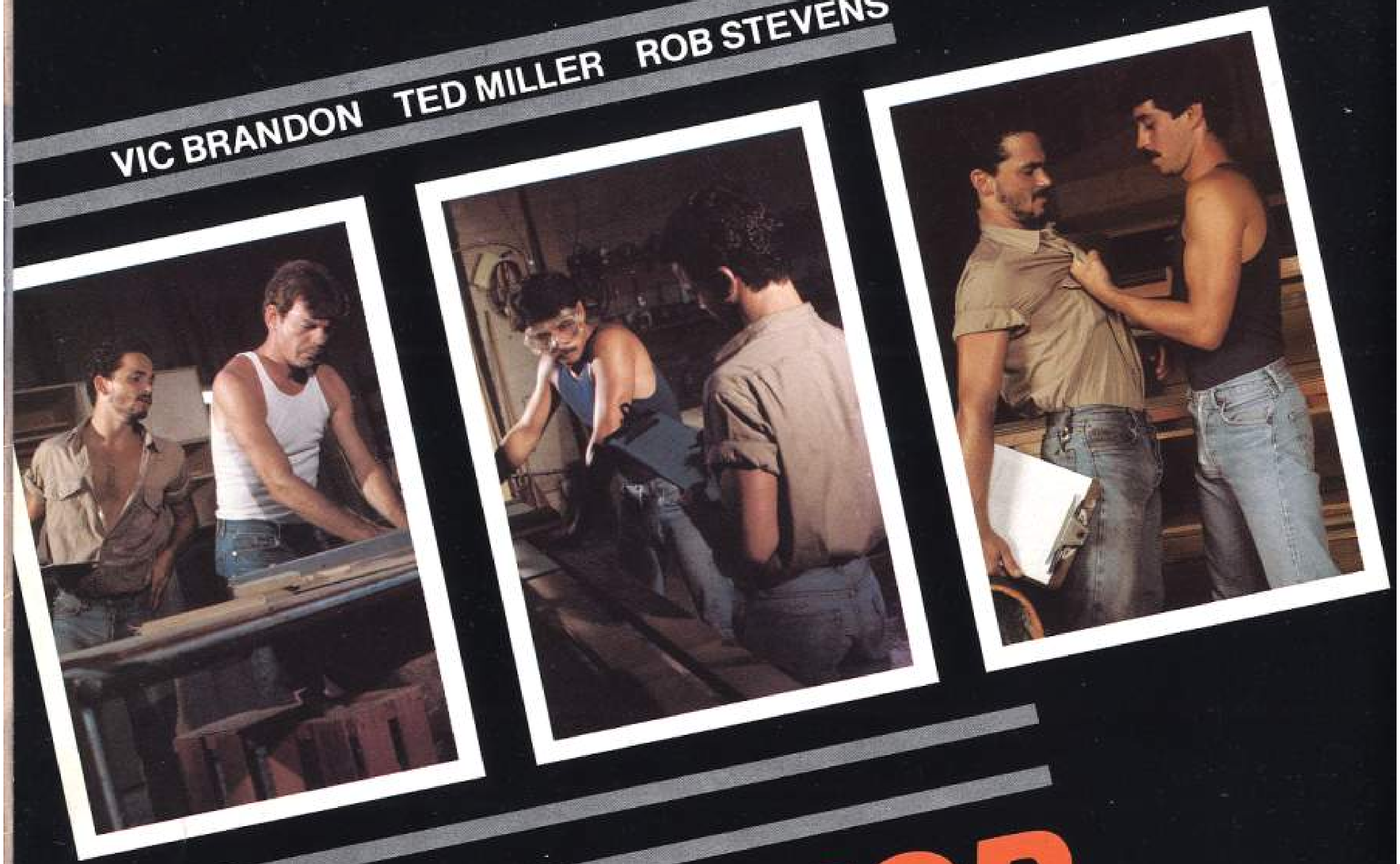


FEATURING

VIC BRANDON
TED MILLER
ROB STEVENS
PAUL CARTER
BOB BARNES
DICK RUSSELL
JIM BATES
TOM McCOY
BRAD JONES
DAN ARCHER

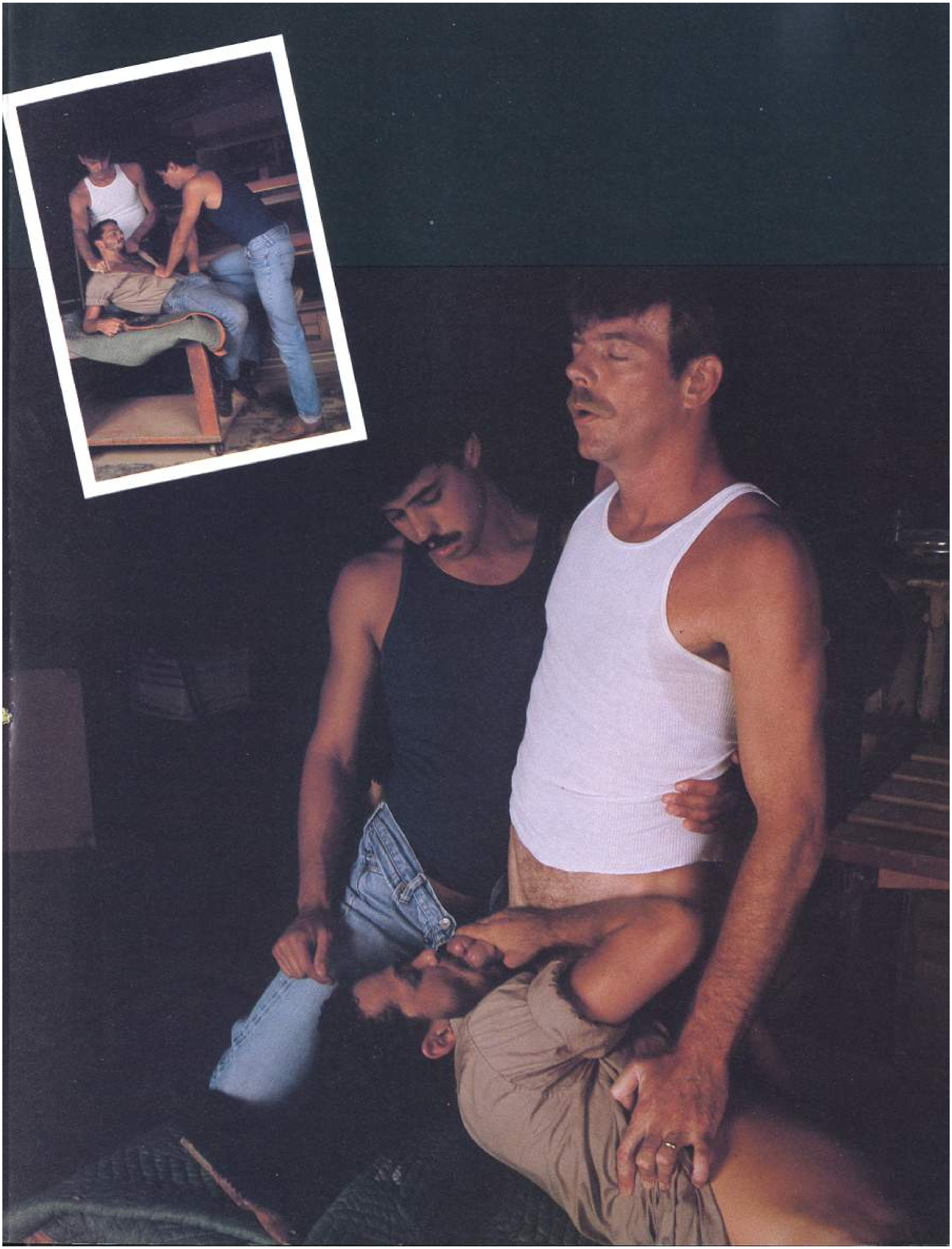
ADULTS ONLY
ALL MODELS ARE OVER EIGHTEEN

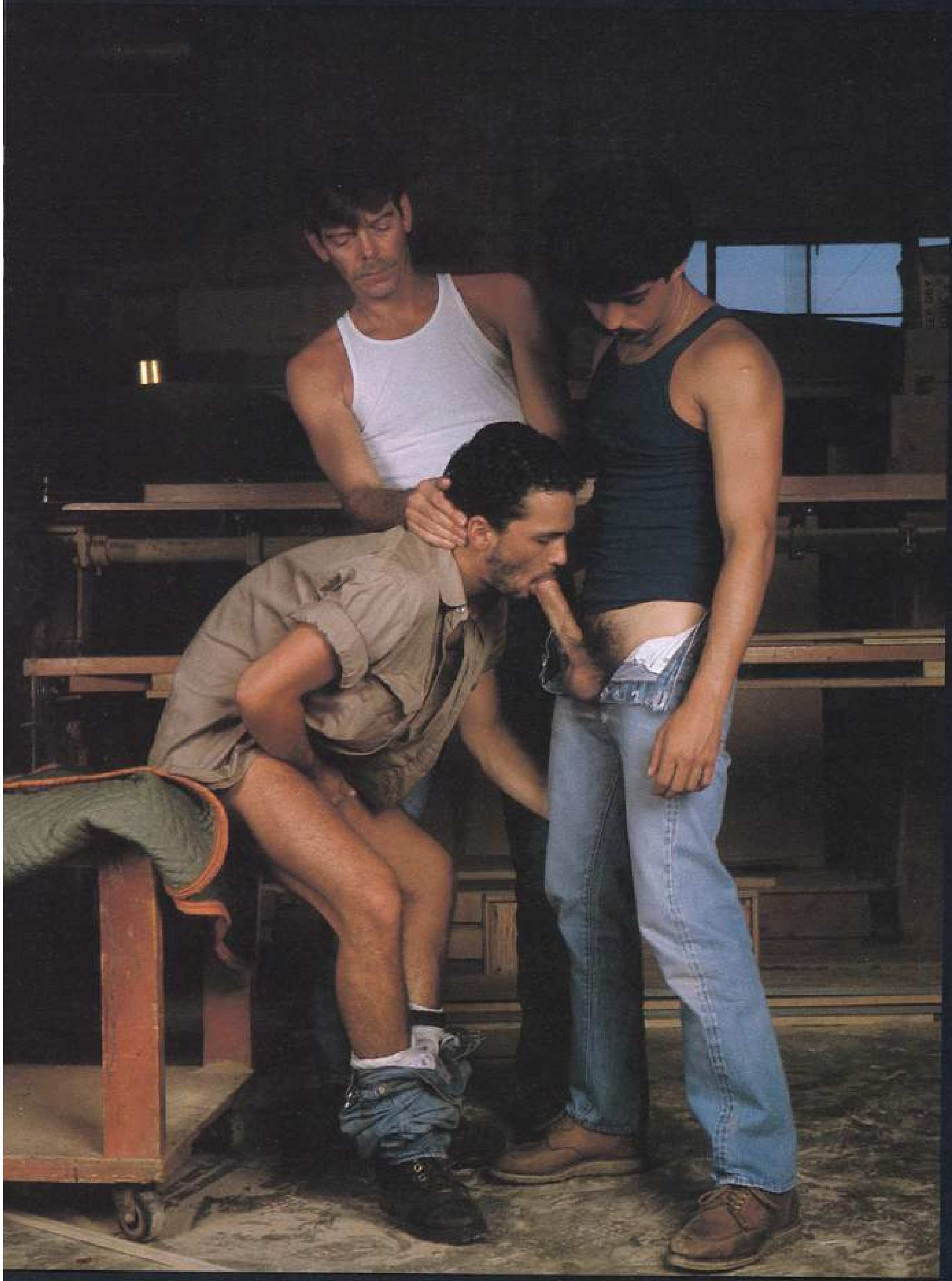
VIC BRANDON TED MILLER ROB STEVENS

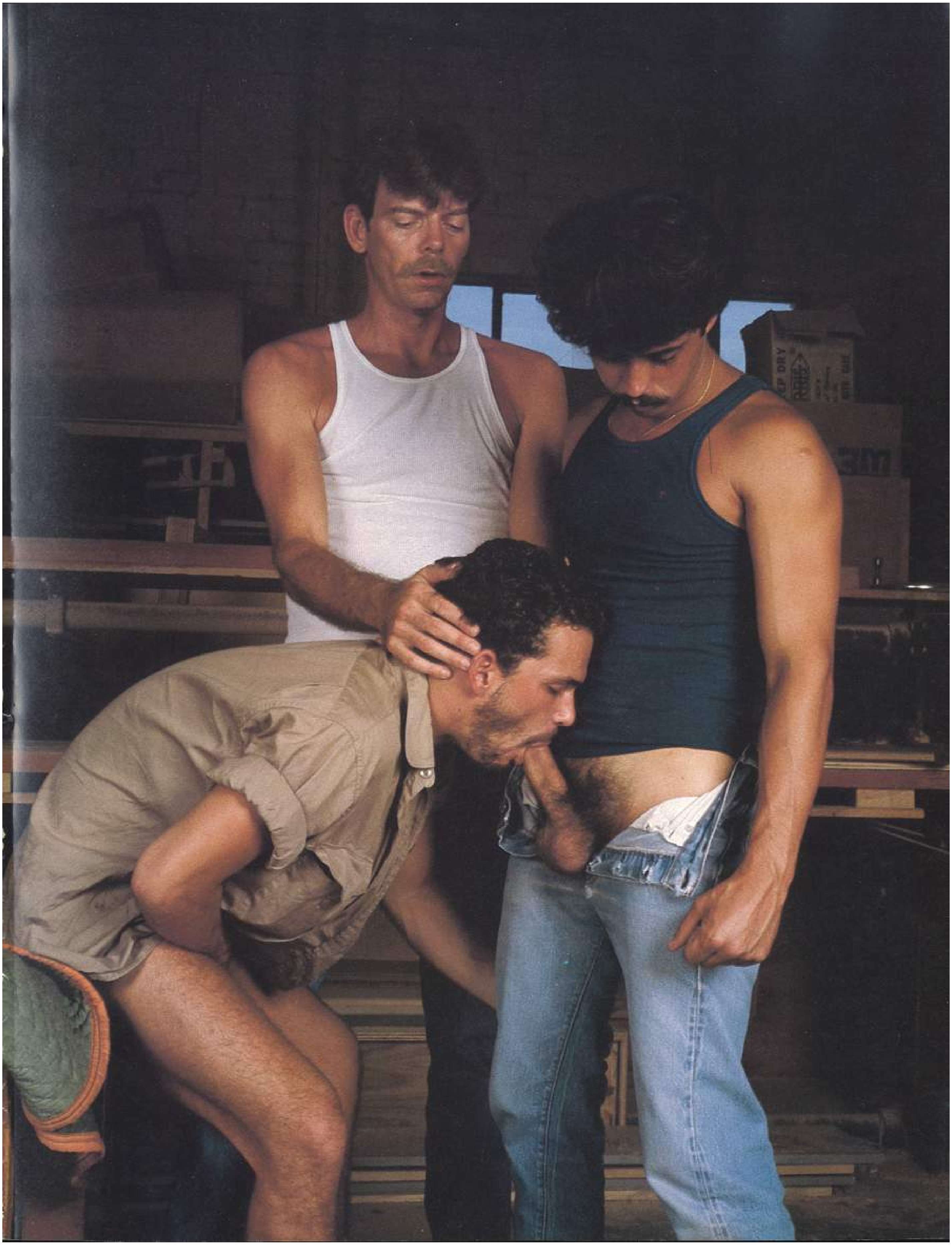


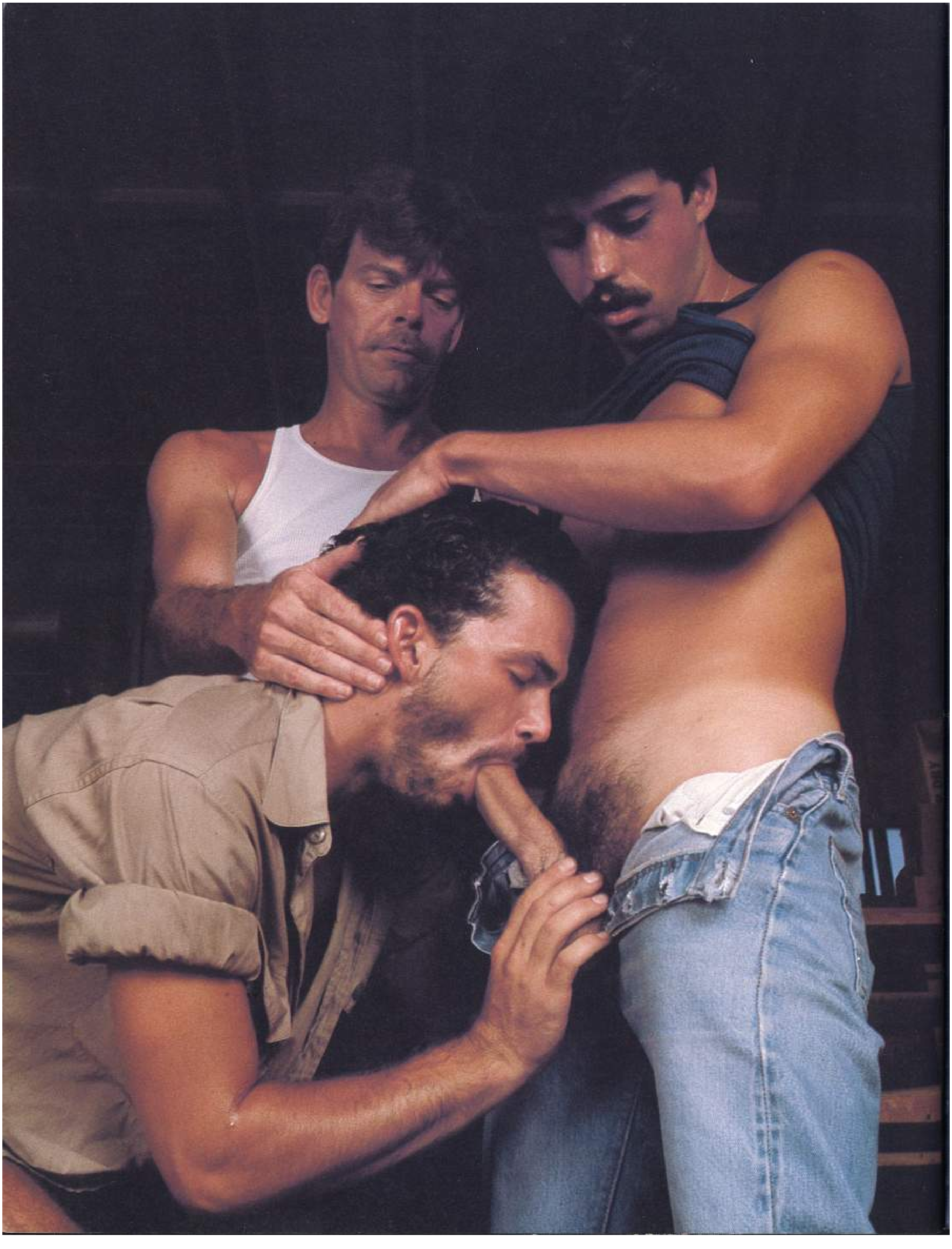
# SWEATSHOP

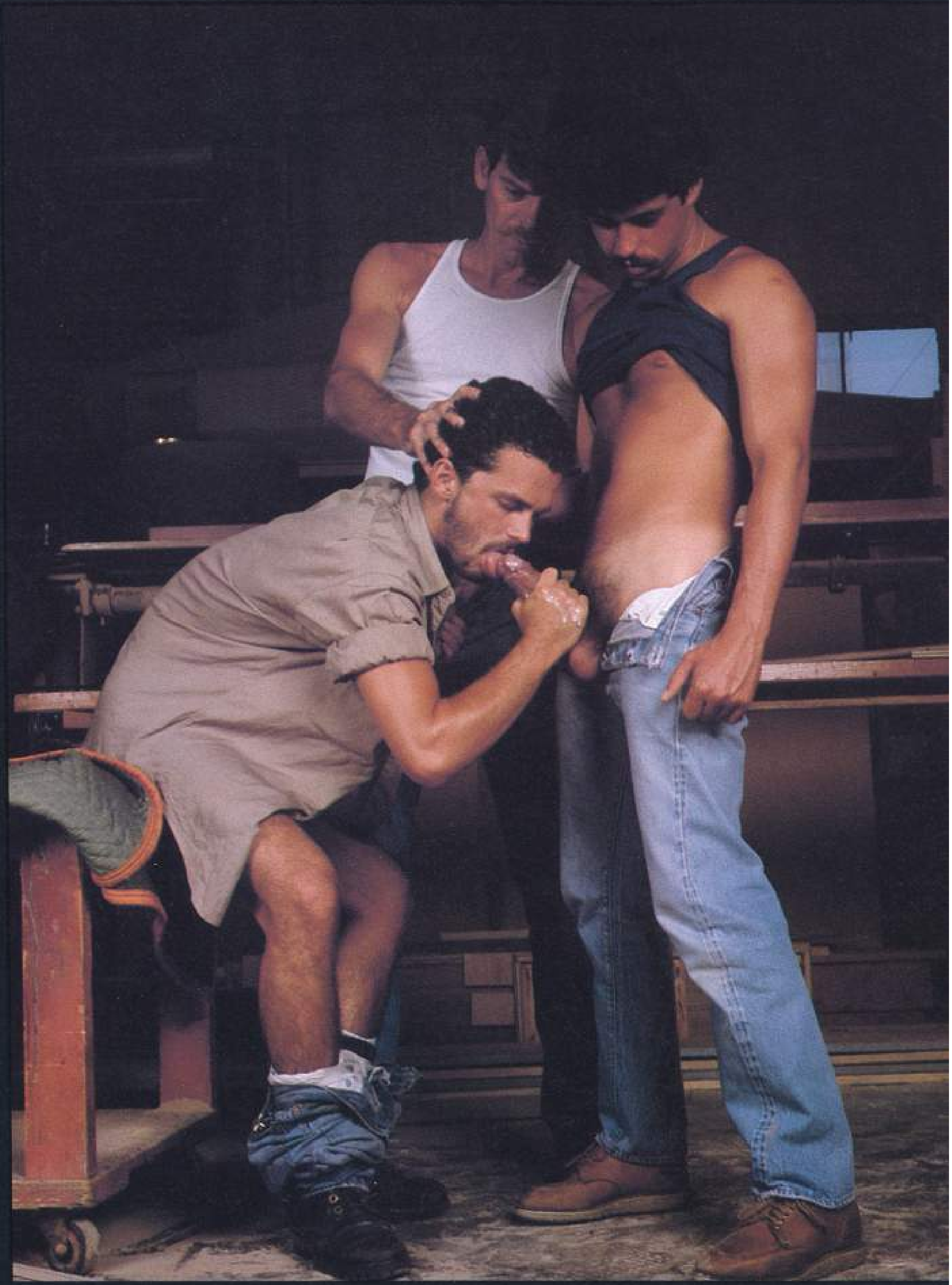
A NEW FOREMAN CAN ONLY PUSH HIS MEN SO FAR. THEN HE'S CRUISING FOR A BRUISING. VIC AND ROB HAVE TAKEN JUST ABOUT ALL THEY CAN SWALLOW FROM TED. THEY DECIDE IT'S TIME TED DOES A LITTLE SWALLOWING TOO. IT'S TIME TED STARTED SWEATING. IT'S TIME HE SUCKED THEIR COCKS. AND WHILE HE'S AT IT, TAKING A GOOD, STIFF DICK UP HIS ASSHOLE WOULD PROBABLY DO THE ARROGANT NEW BOSS NO HARM.

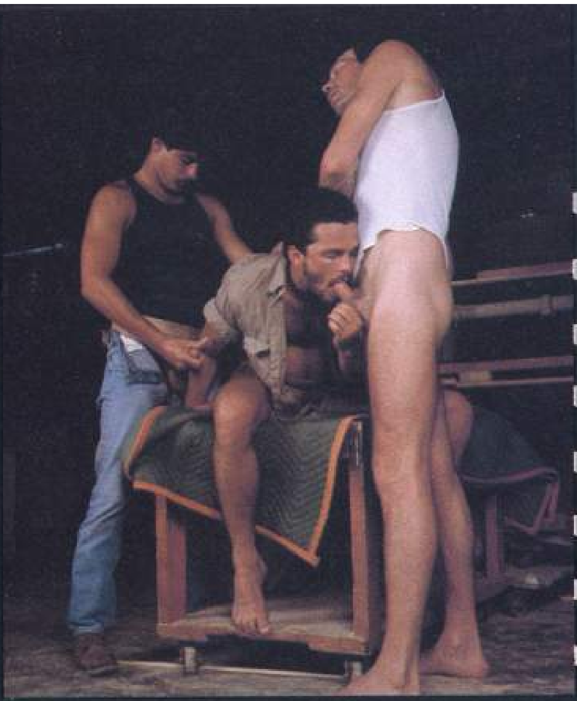


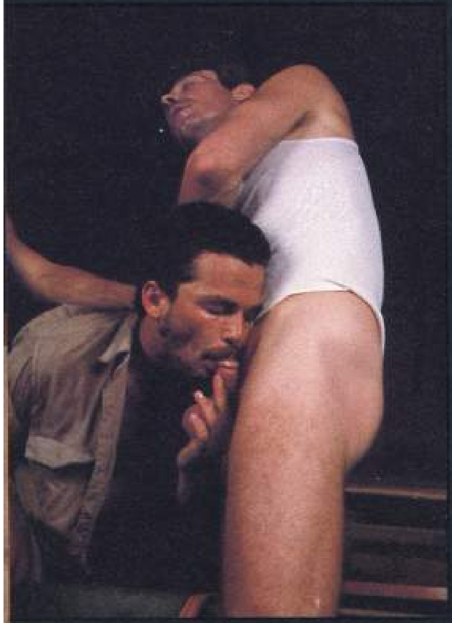


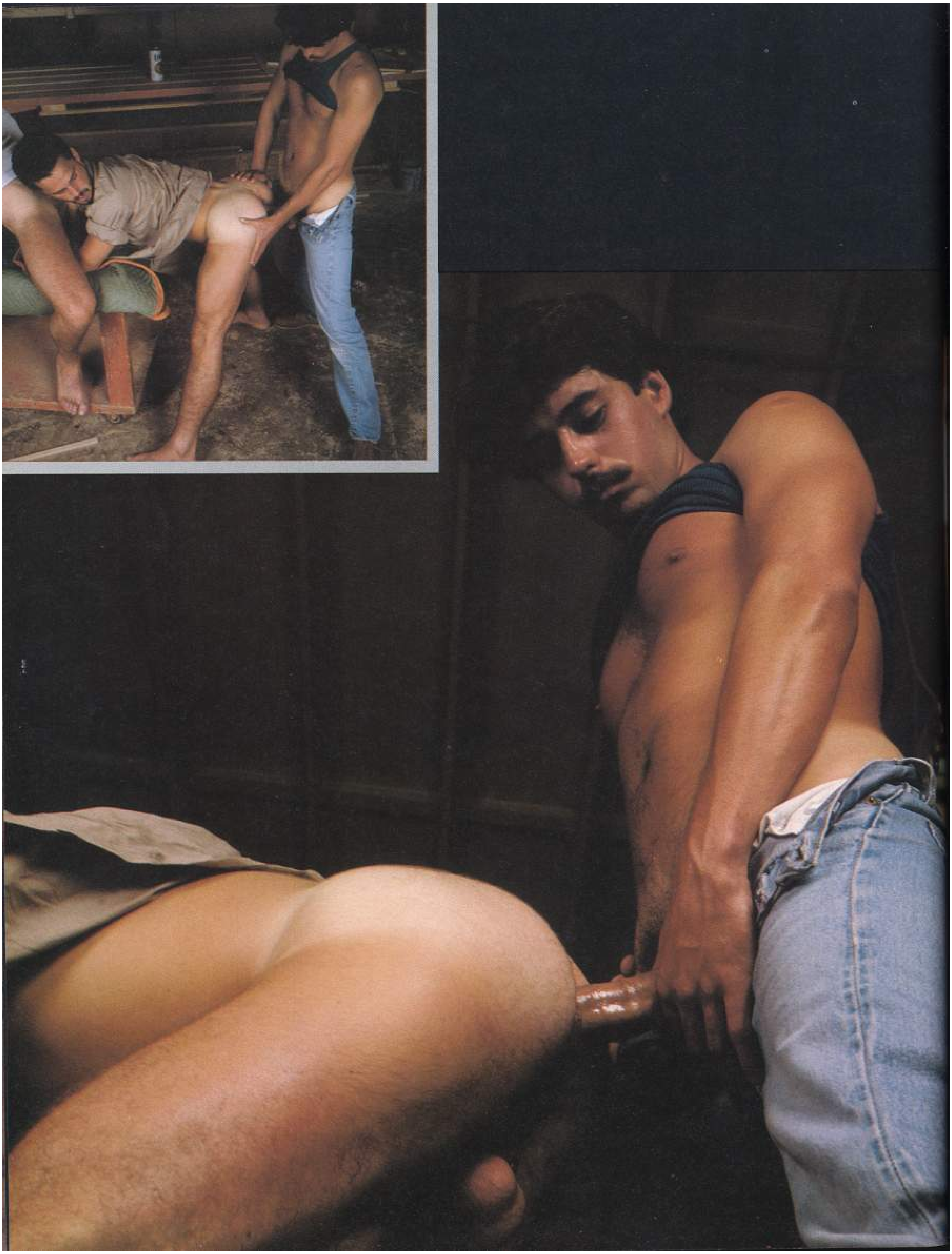


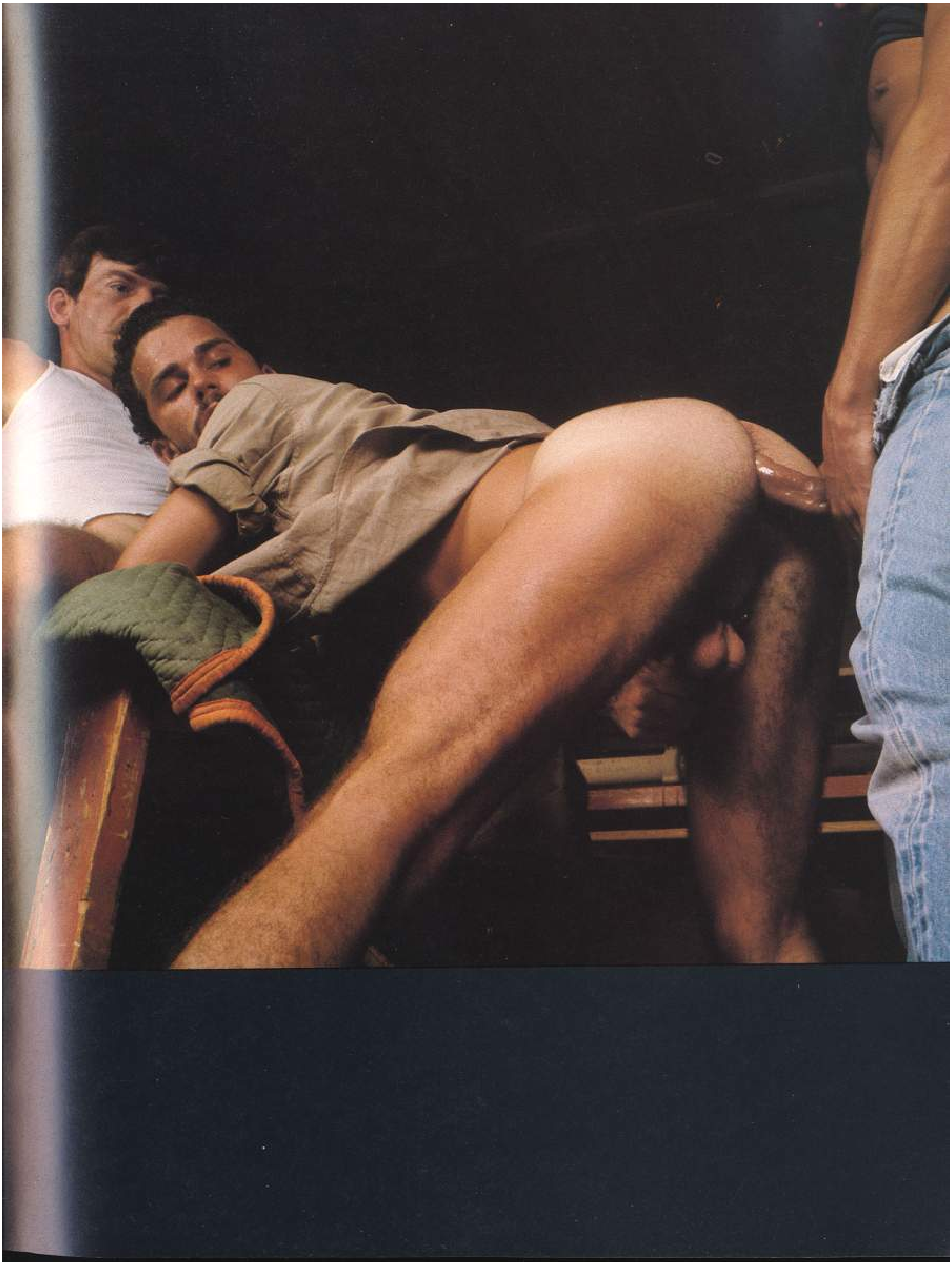


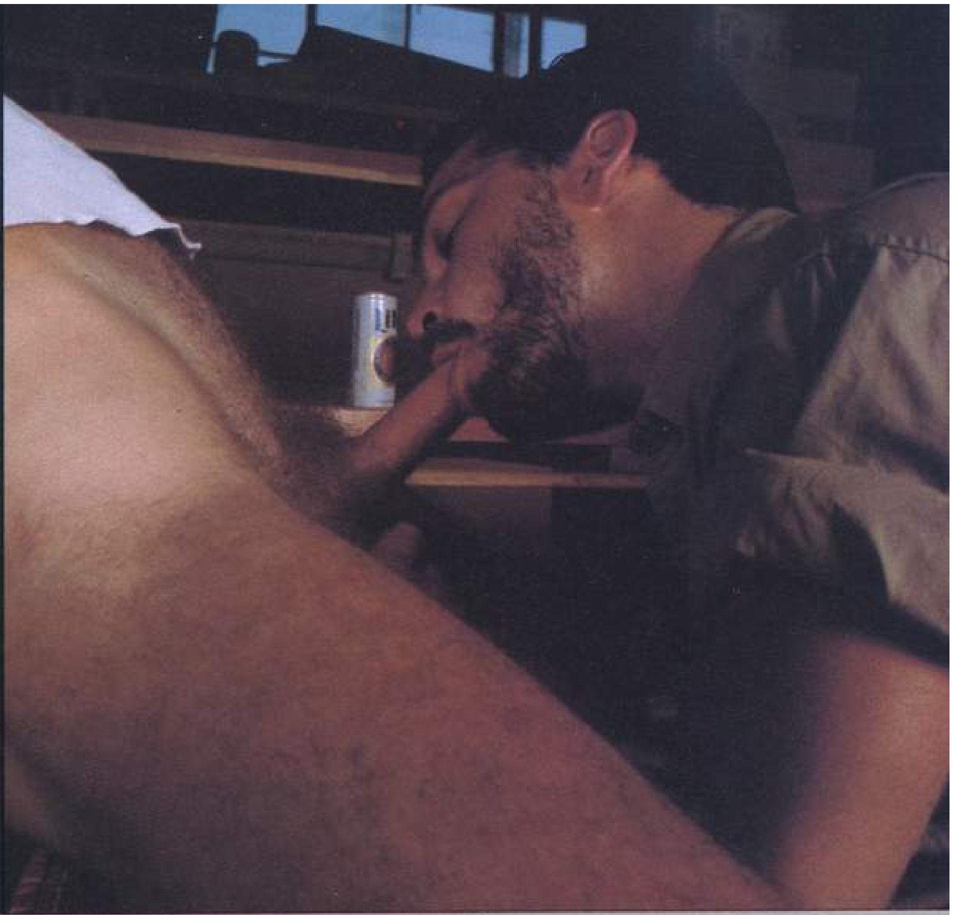


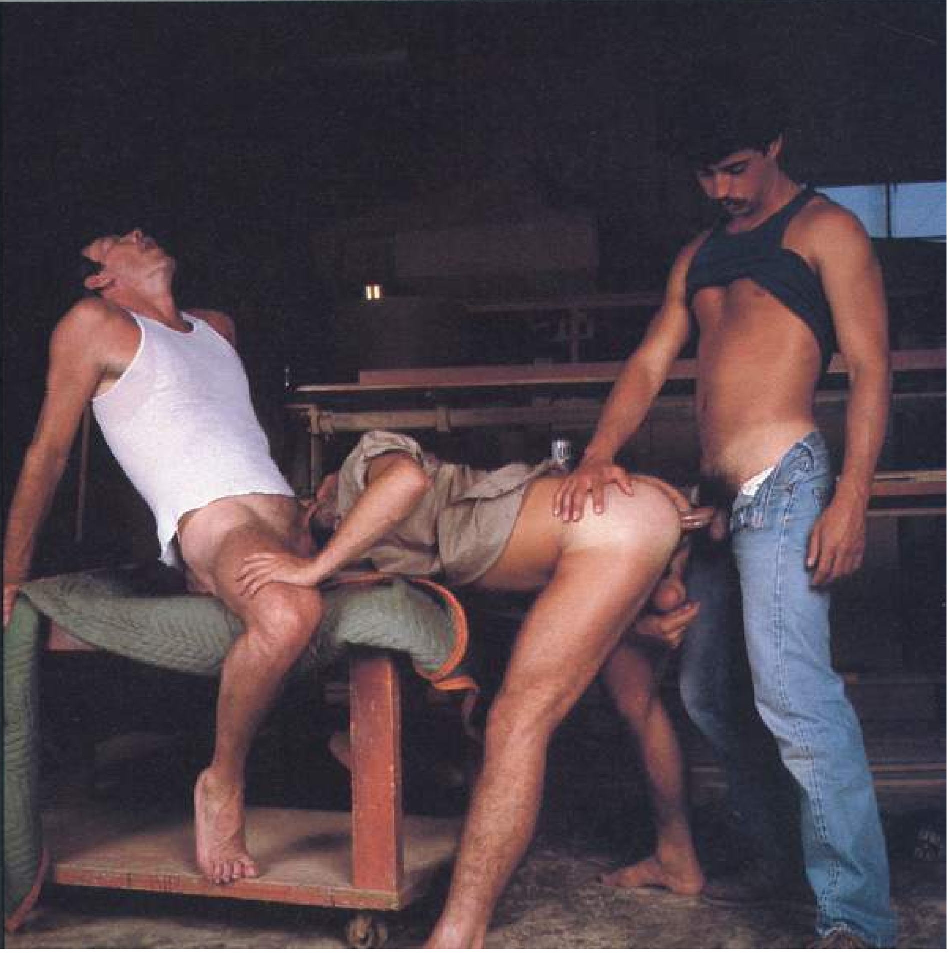


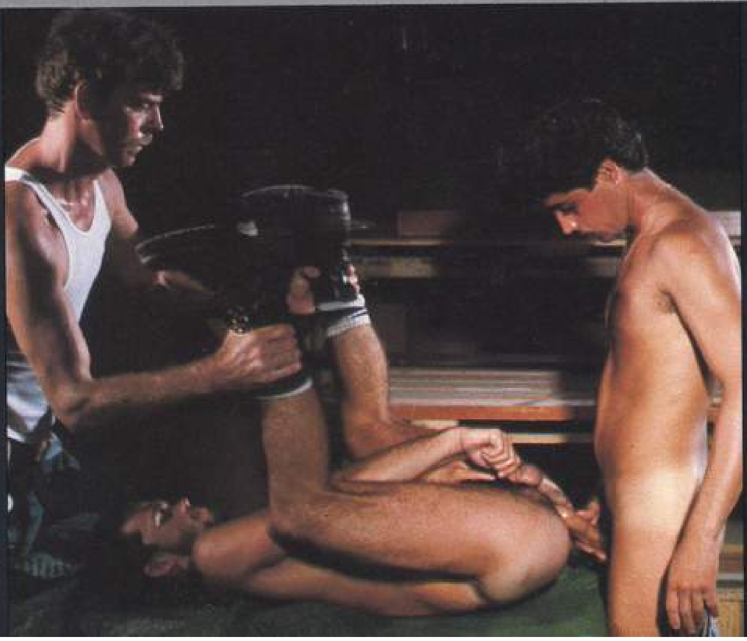


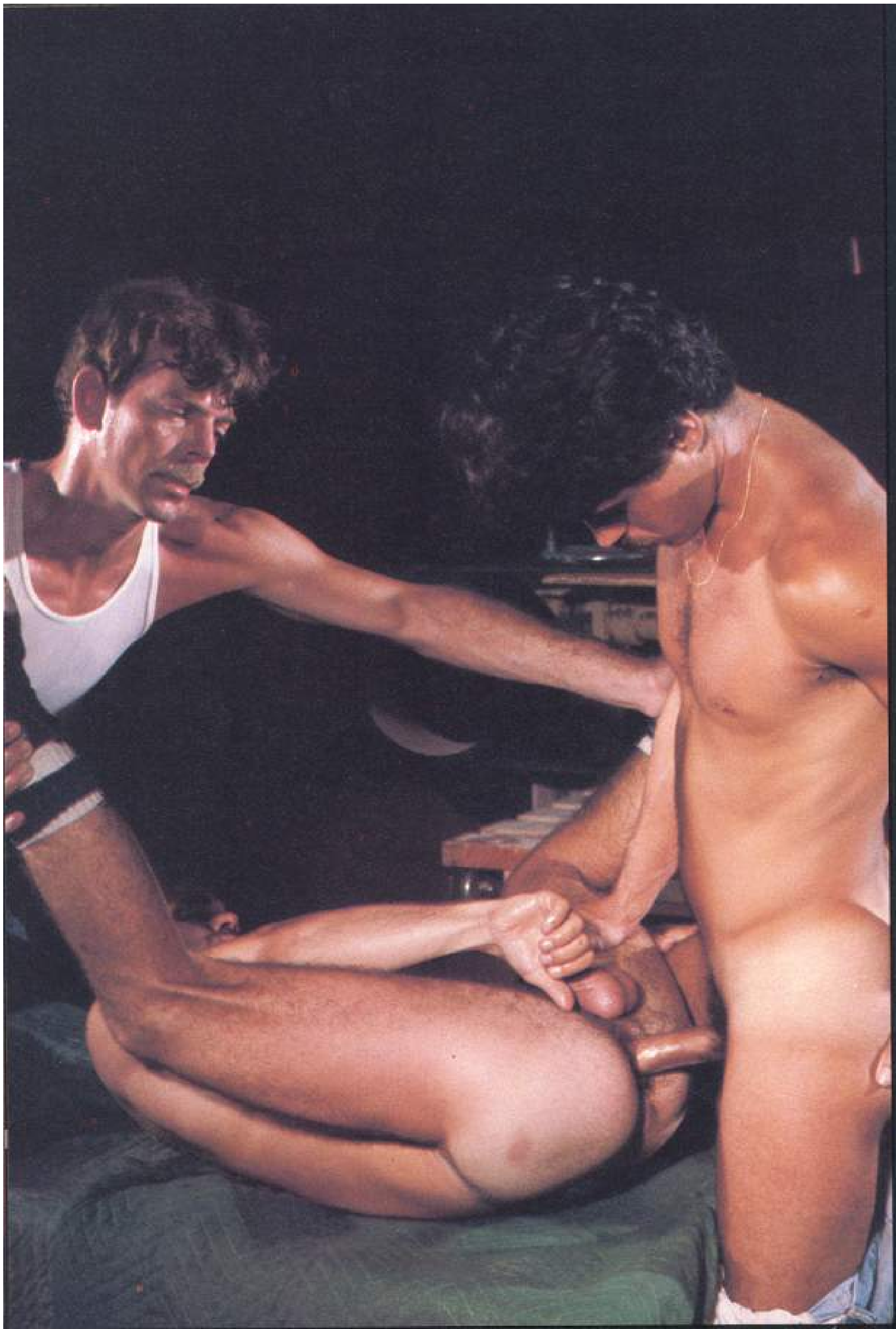


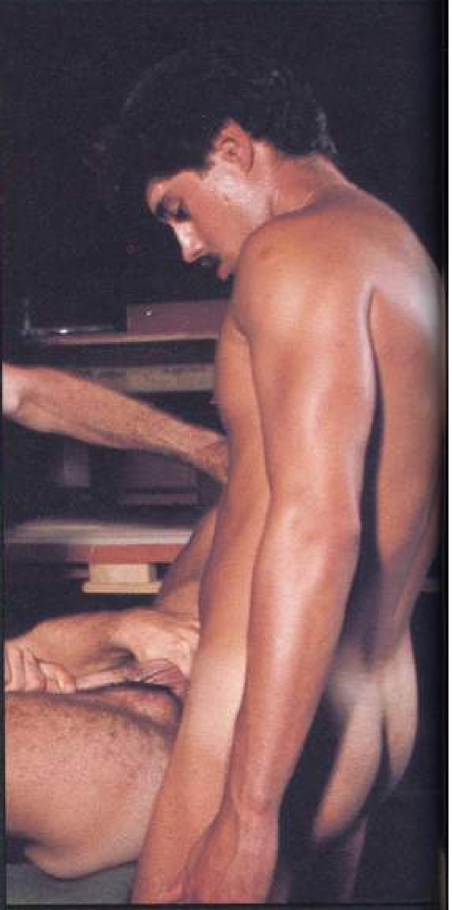


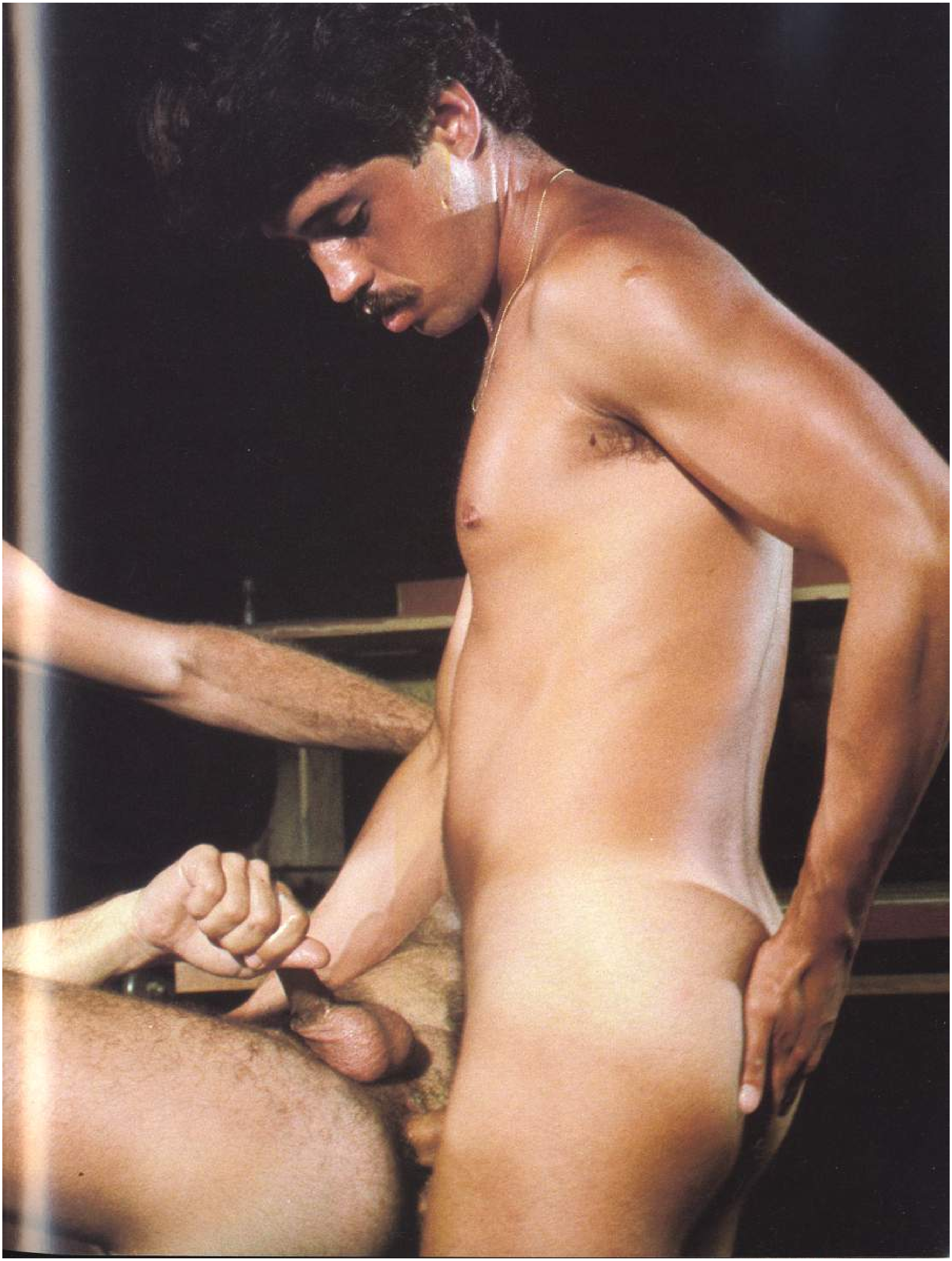


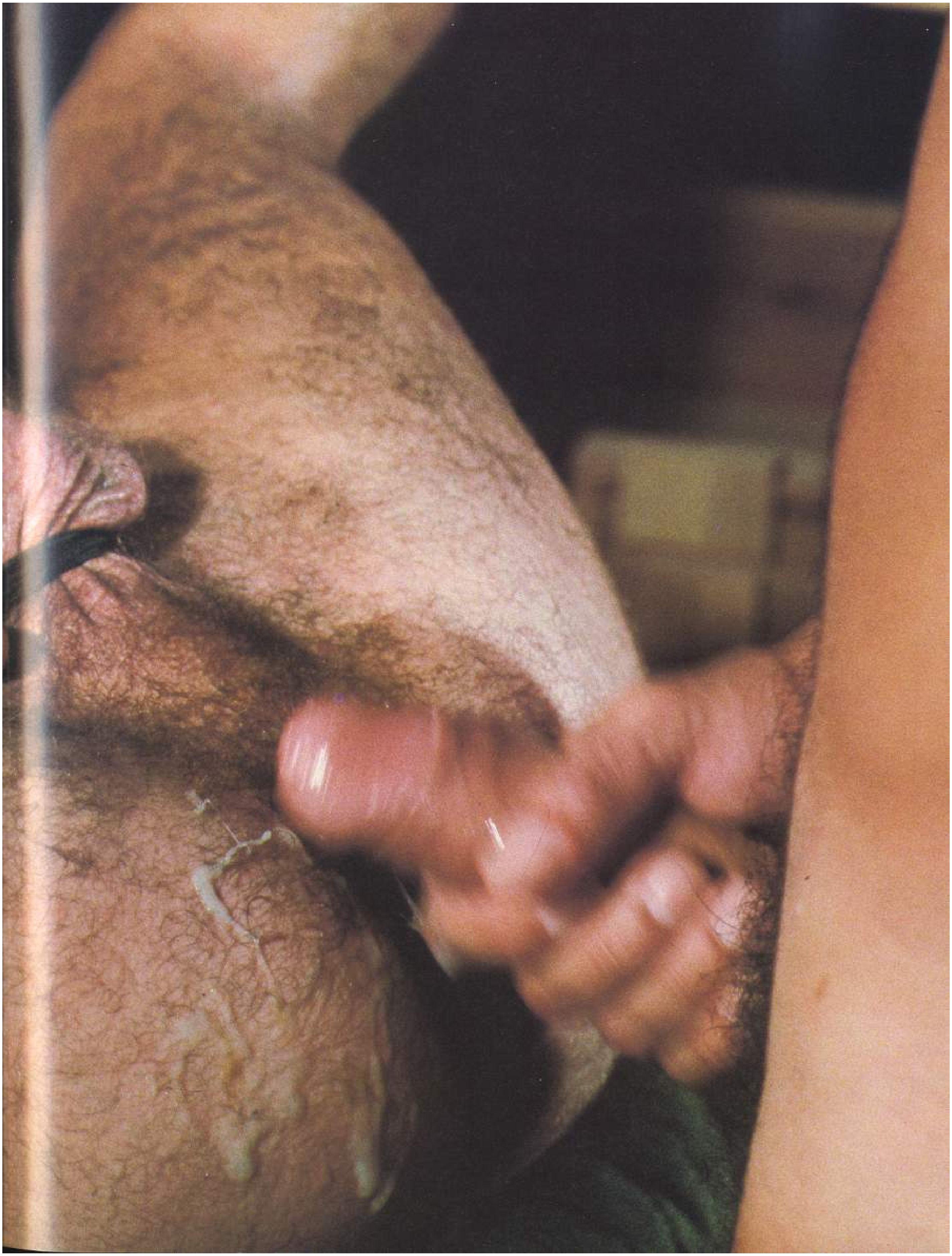








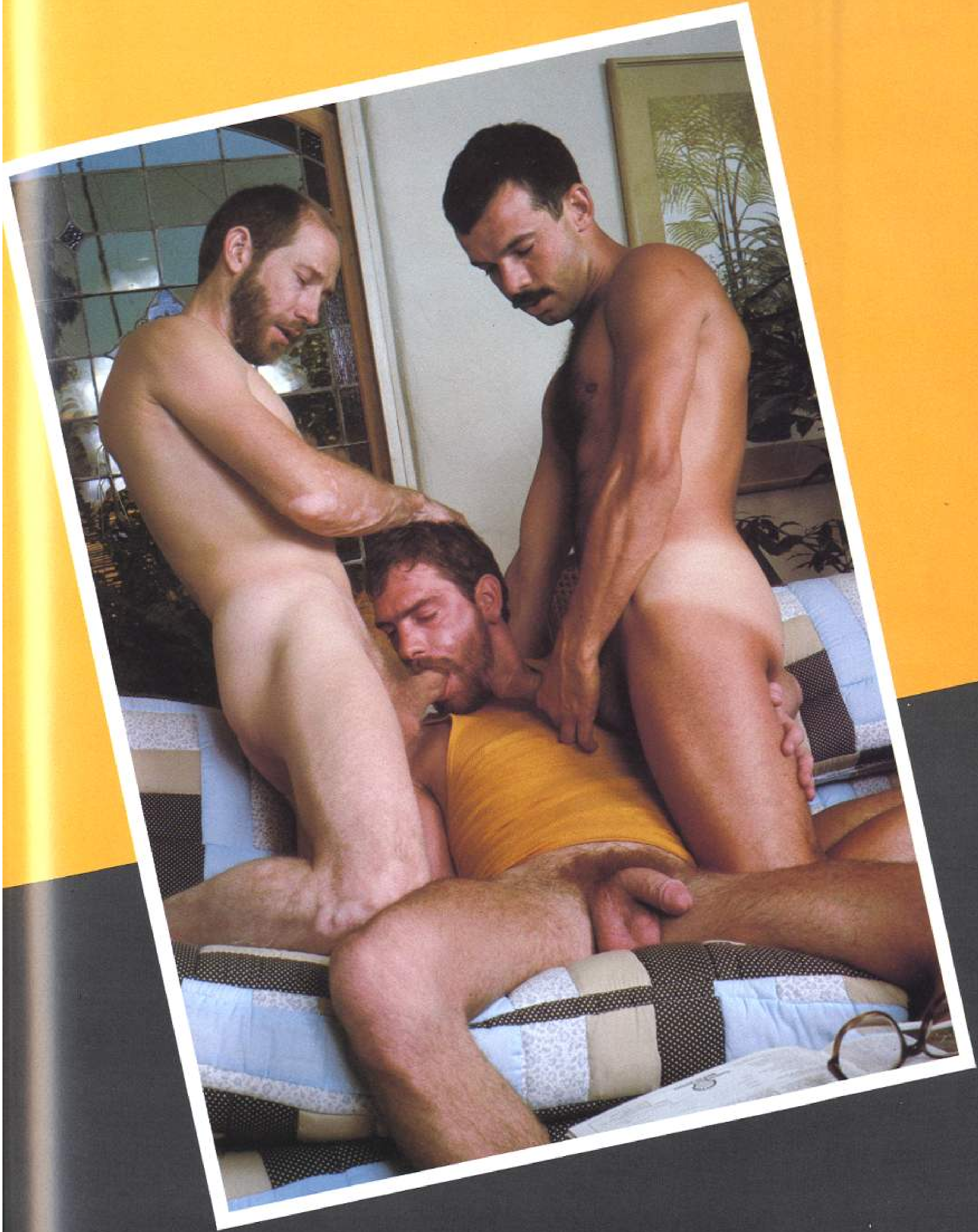


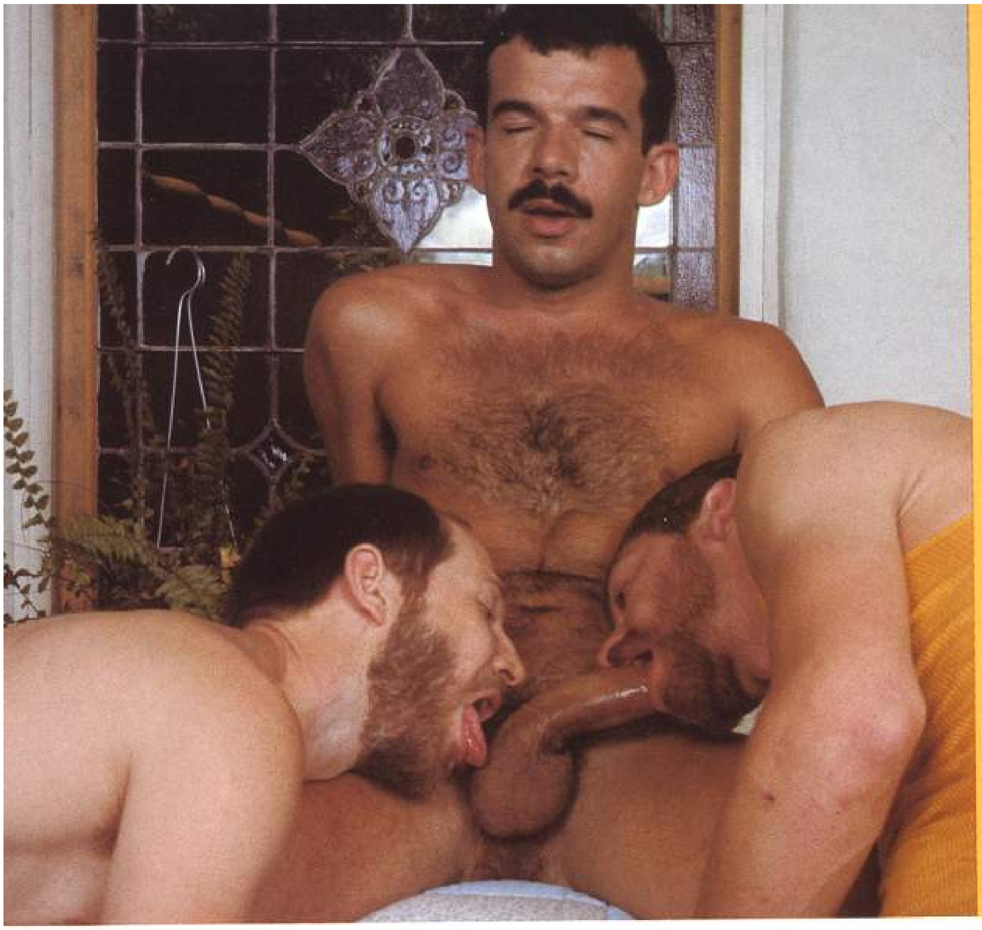


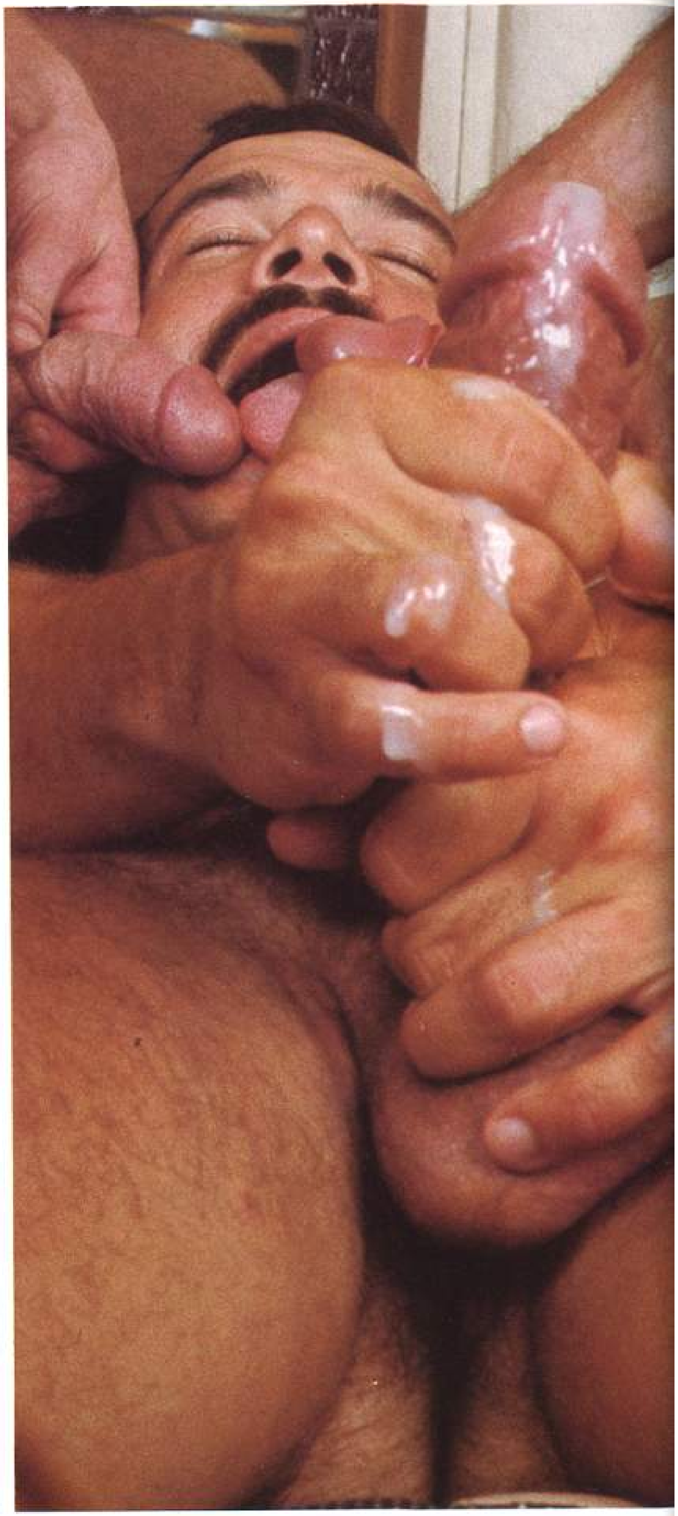
**BOB BARNES**
**DICK RUSSELL**
**PAUL CARTER**

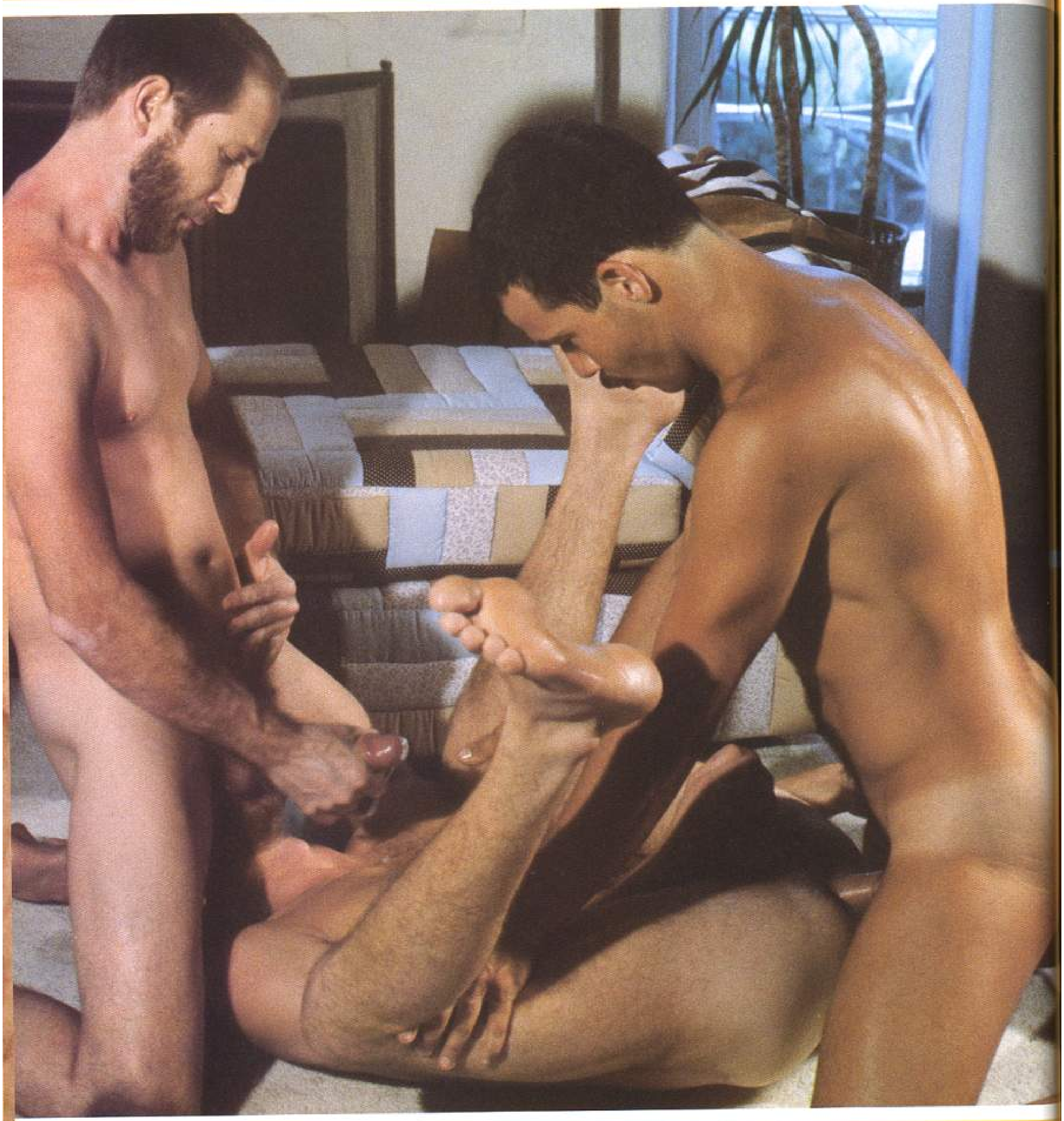
NOTHING BEATS A SUMMER THIRST LIKE GETTING YOUR BOOZE DELIVERED BY THE CASE. ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'VE GOT A HUMPY DELIVERY MAN WITH A COCKSUCKING THIRST OF HIS OWN. DICK IS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO SERVICE THE MEN. PAUL AND BOB ARE HEAVY TIPPERS. HE TAKES HIS PAYMENT OUT IN CUM, IN HIS MOUTH AND UP HIS ASSHOLE. HE ALSO SHOOTS HIS PRICK OFF INTO BOB'S WIDE OPEN MOUTH.

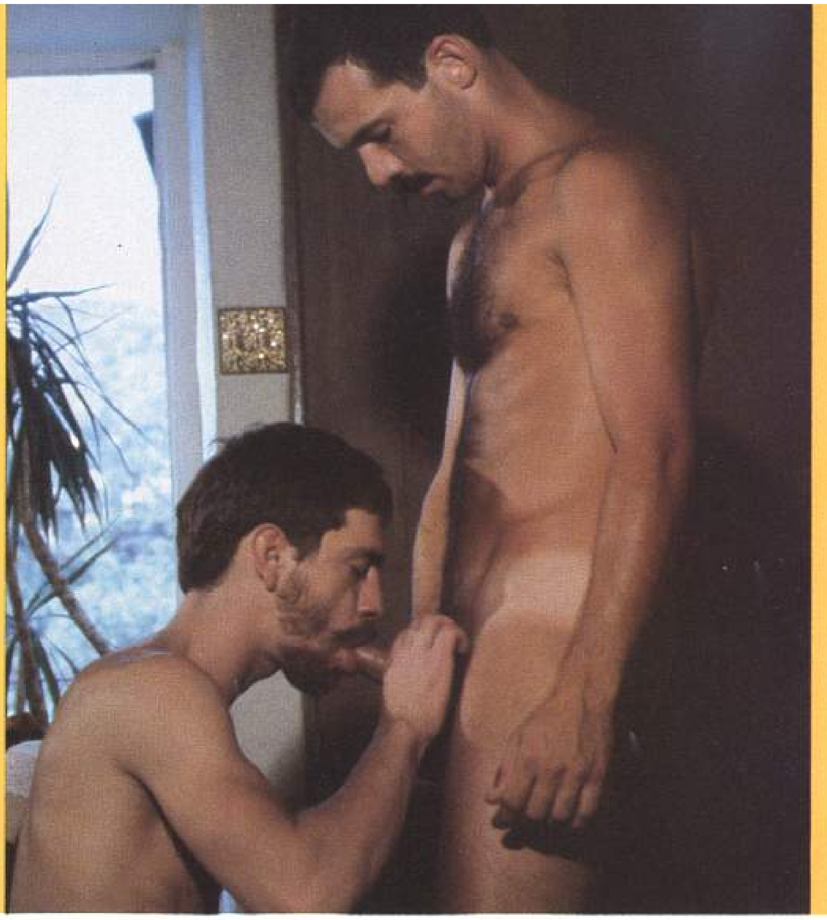
# FREE DELIVERY

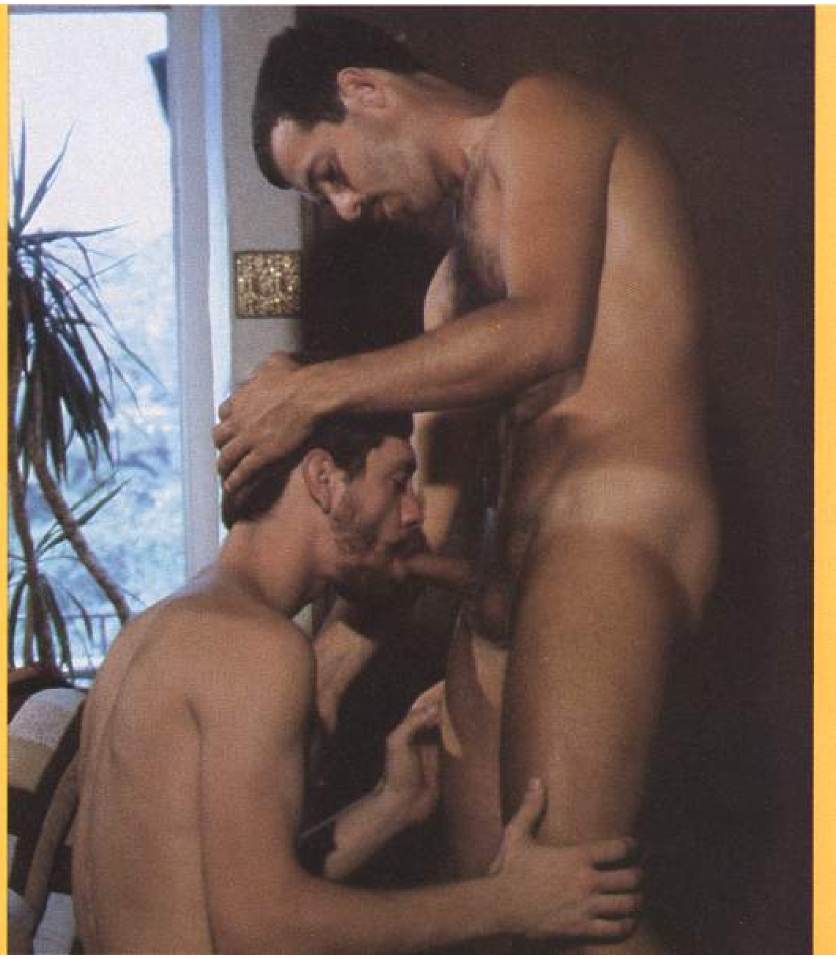




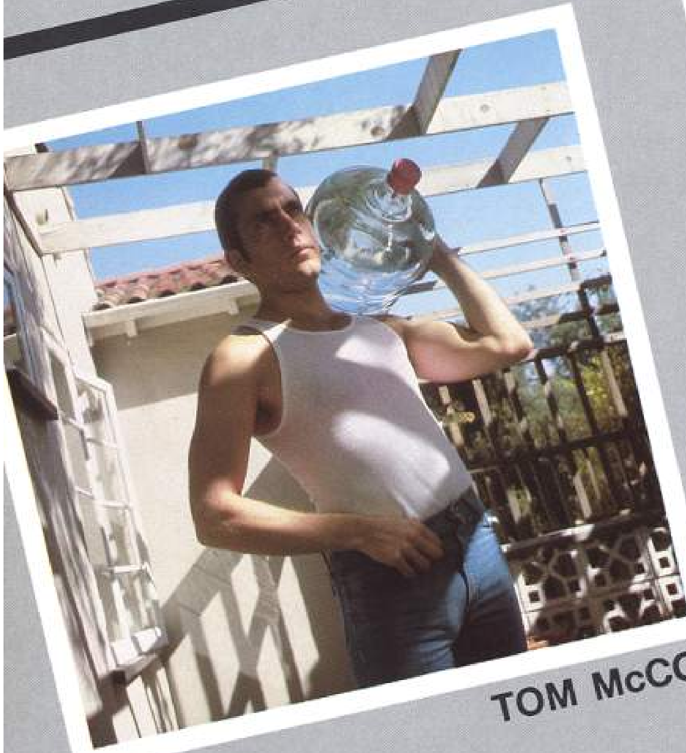




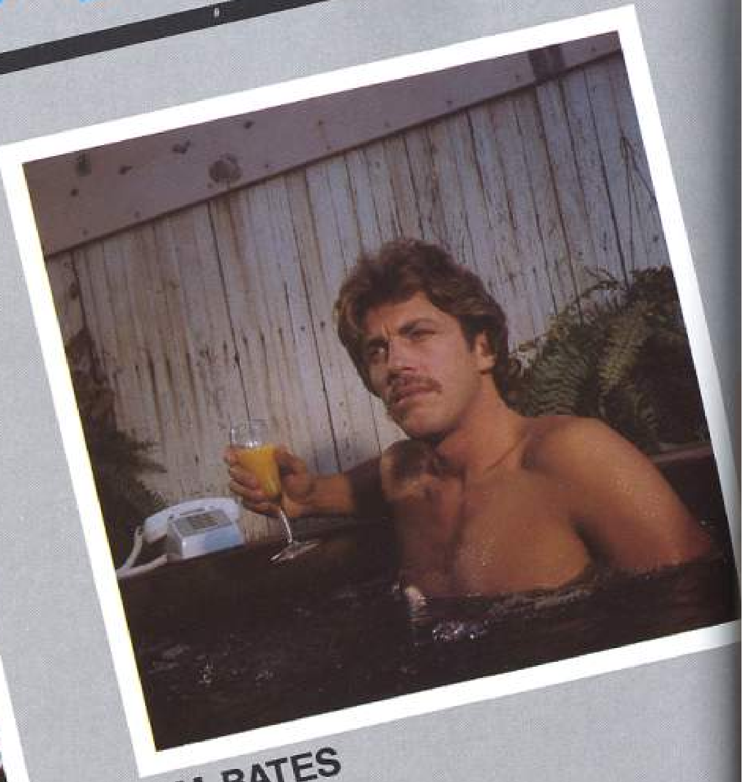




# HARD WATER

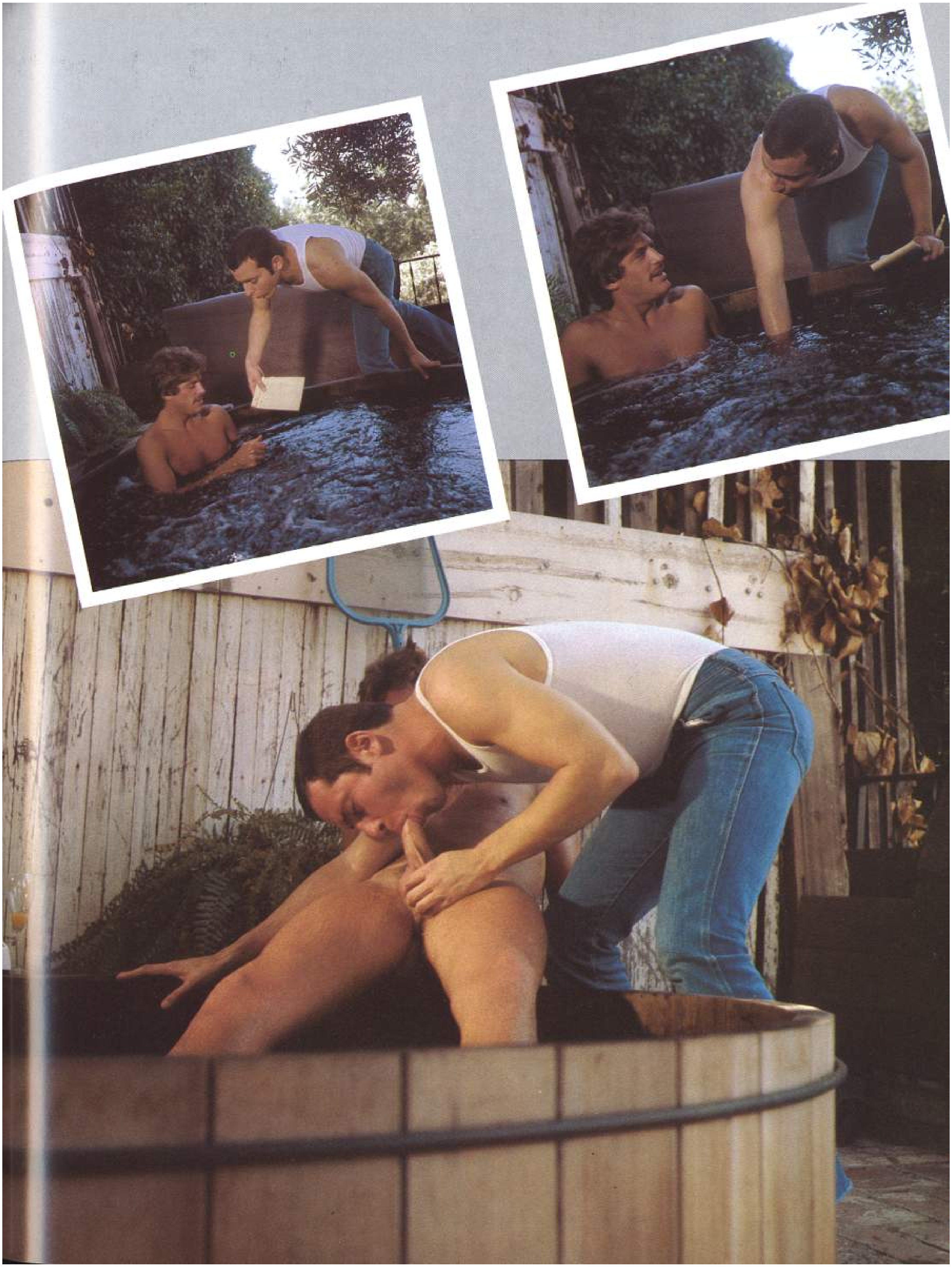


TOM McCOY



JIM BATES

WORKING HARD ON A HOT DAY CAN GIVE A JOCK A REAL ITCH IN HIS BALLS. ADD TO THAT THE SIGHT OF ANOTHER GUY LAZILY COOLING OUT IN A TUB AND IT'S ENOUGH TO HEAT A WORKING MAN'S BLOOD TO A BOIL. TOM AND JIM REACH A QUICK UNDERSTANDING WHEN THEY SUCK EACH OTHER'S MEAT. JIM GIVES TOM HEAVY MOUTH-WORK TIL TOM'S SWOLLEN COCK EXPLODES. THEN HE SPREADS TOM'S ASSHOLE WIDE TO STUFF IT WITH HIS BIG, STIFF PRICK



ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

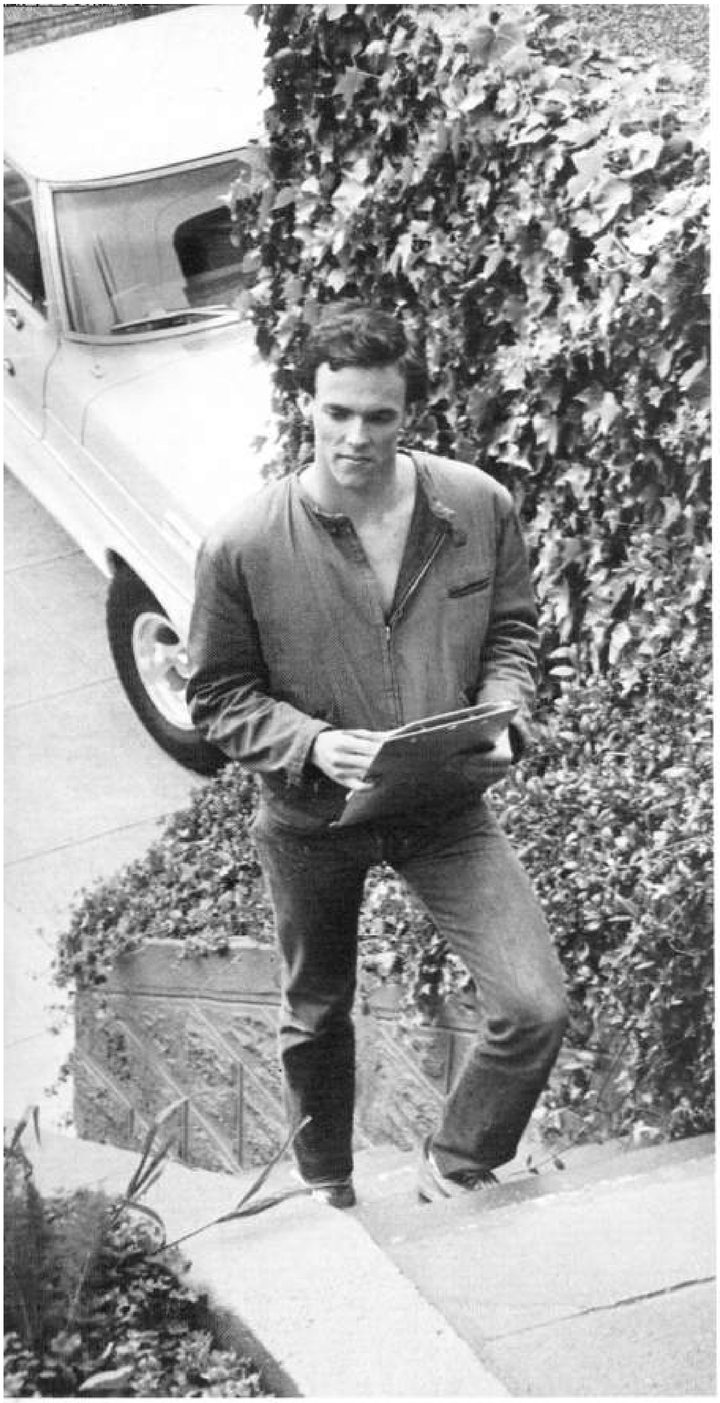
$10.00

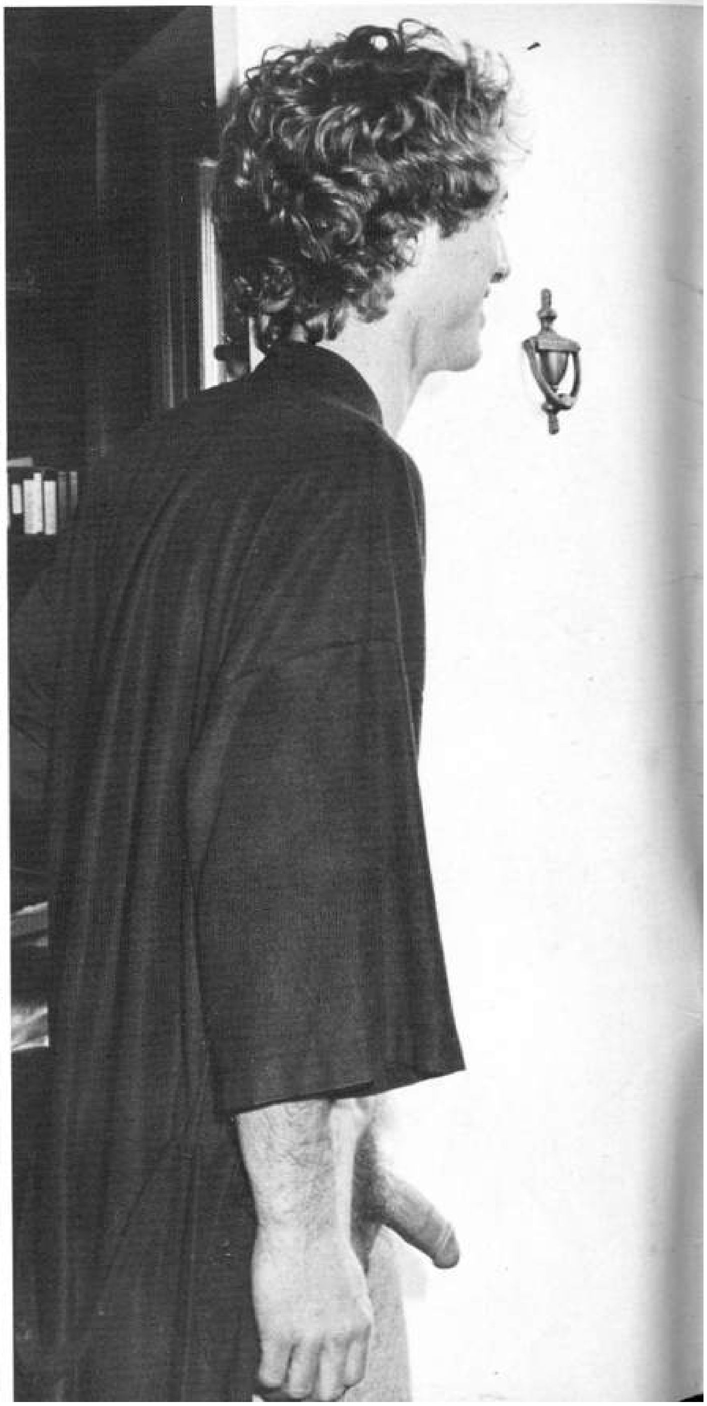
# OVERLOAD

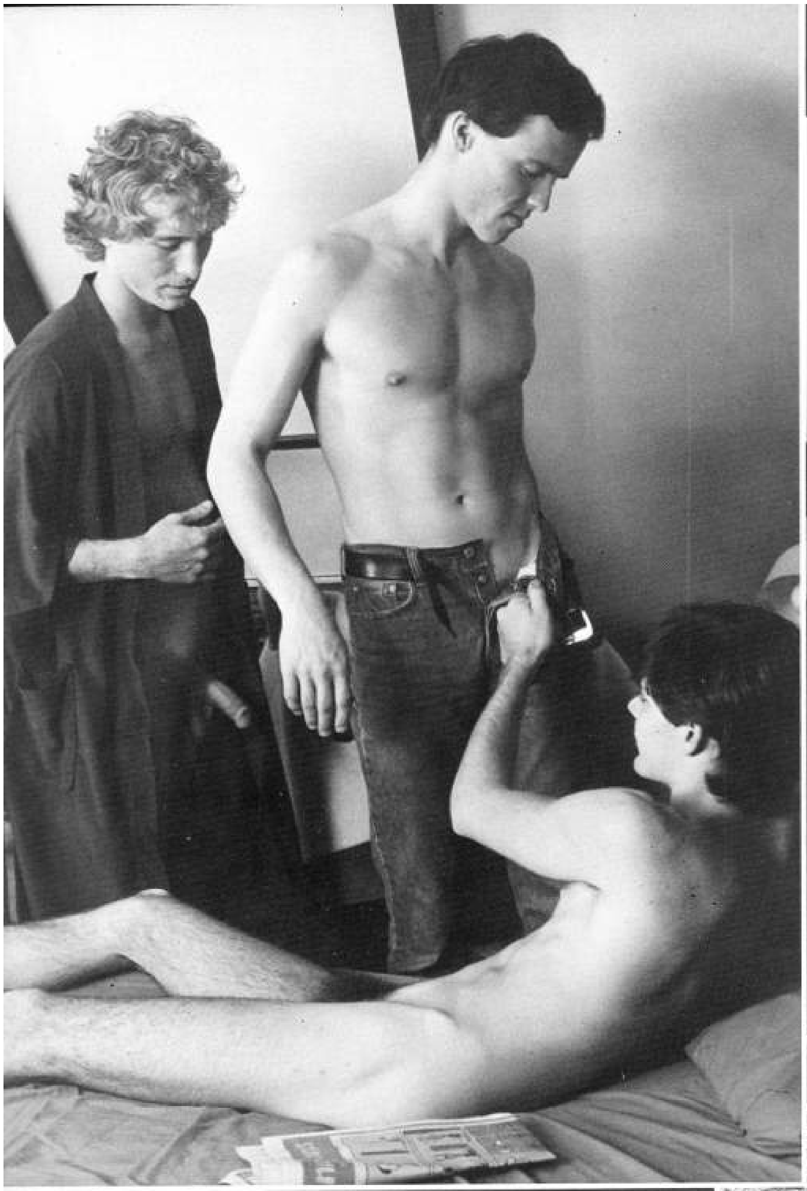
OVERLOAD

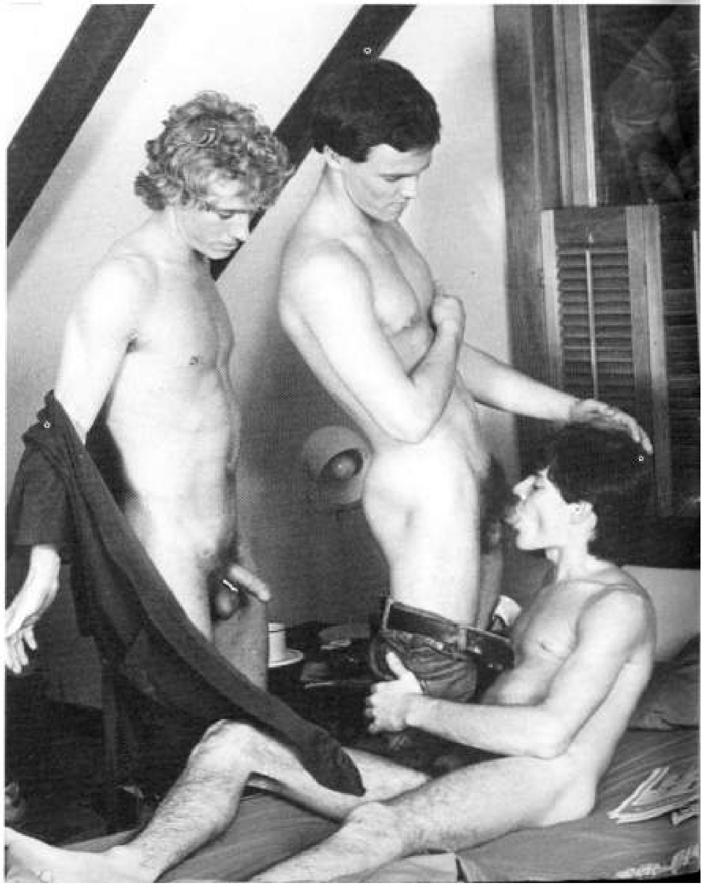
EXCERPTS FROM THE WILLIAM HIGGINS MOTION PICTURE
'THE BOYS OF SAN FRANCISCO'

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

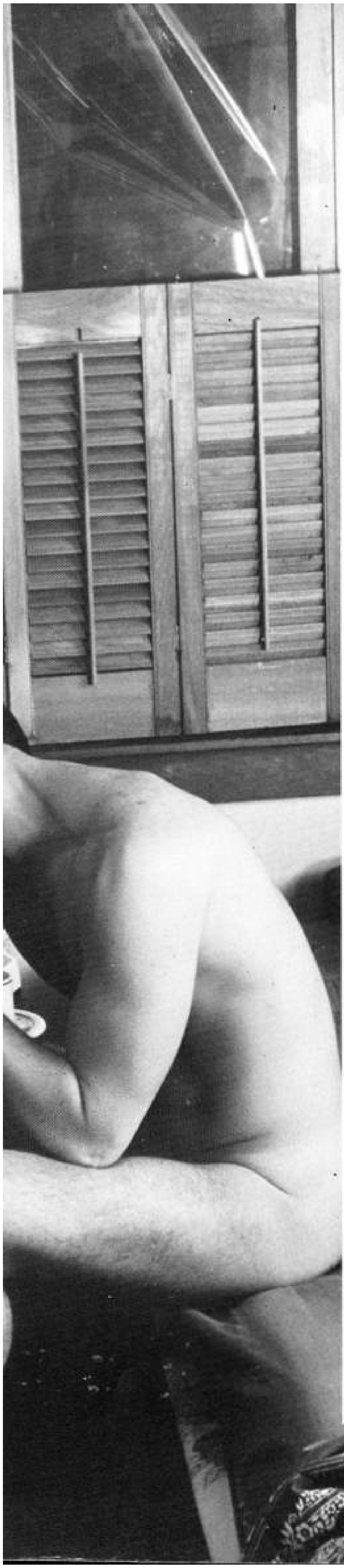




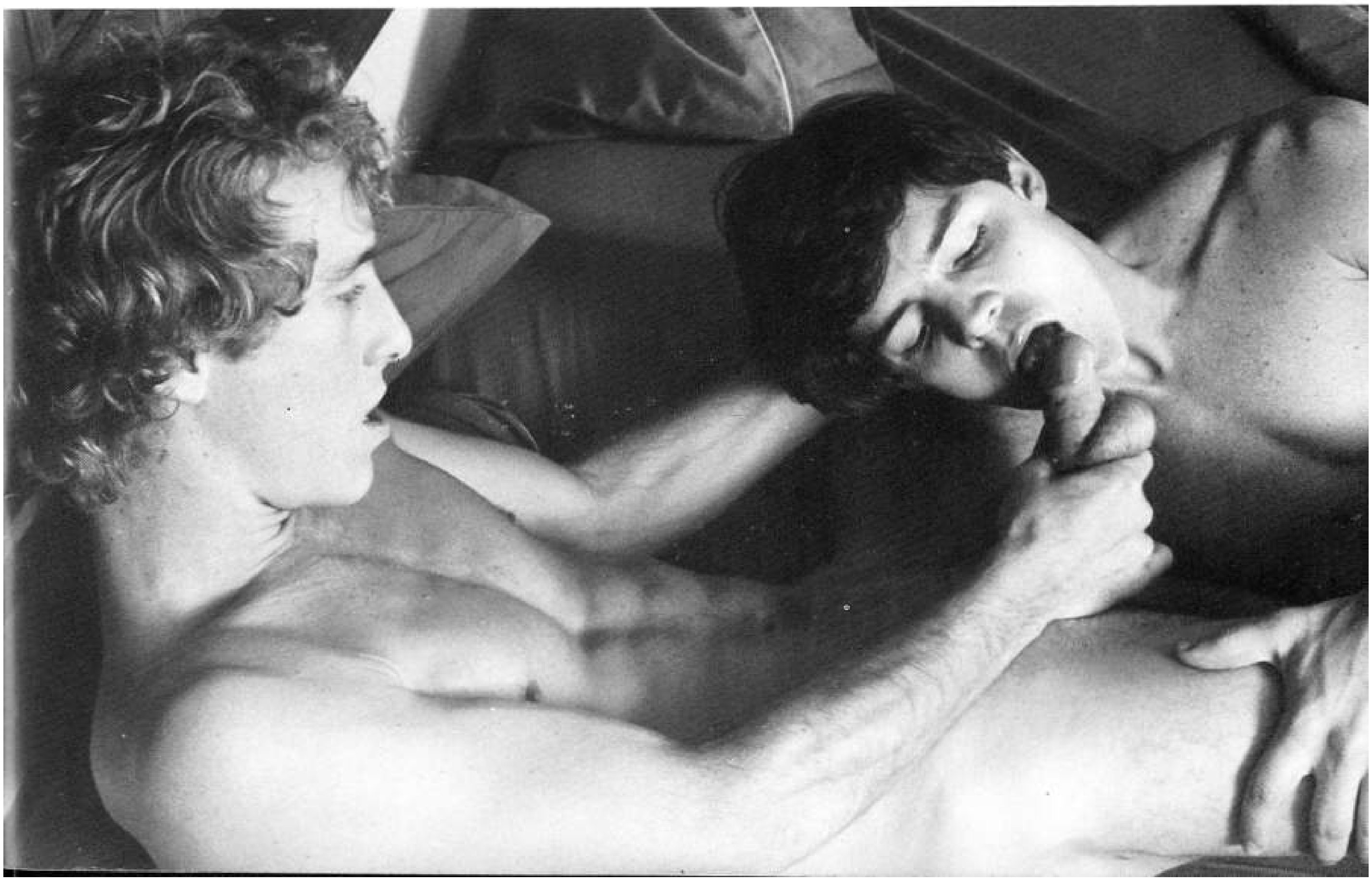


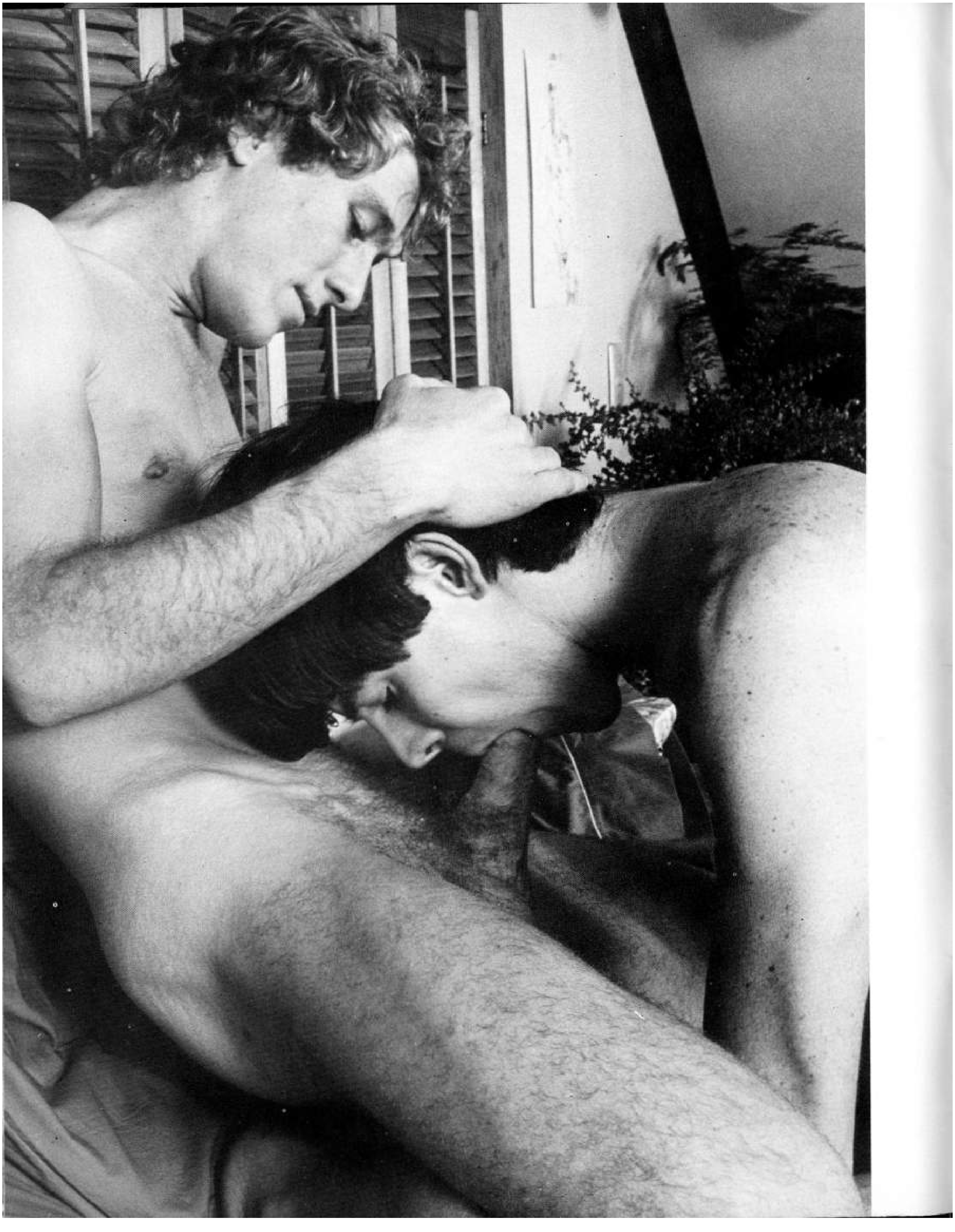


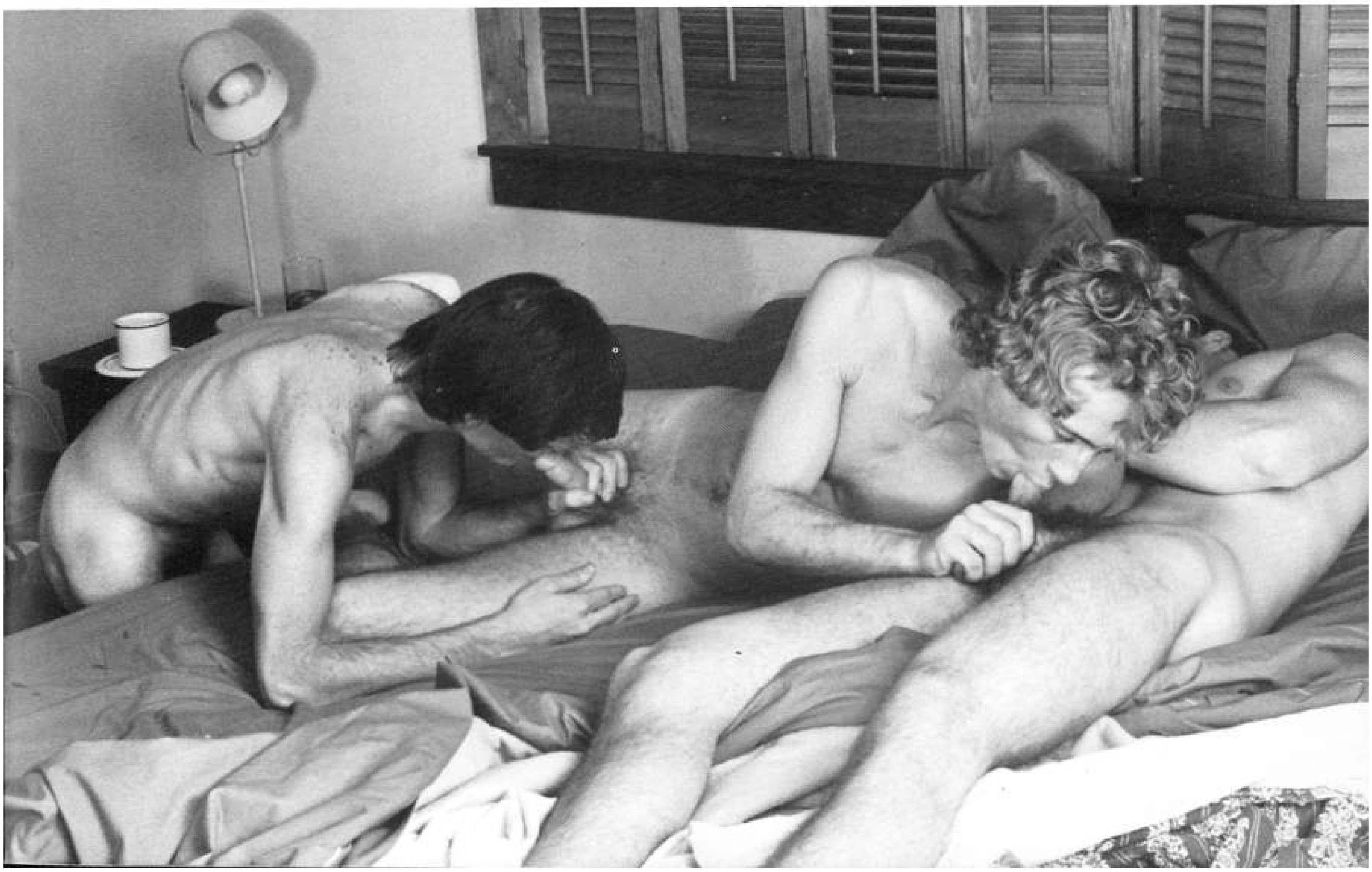
EAR
REA

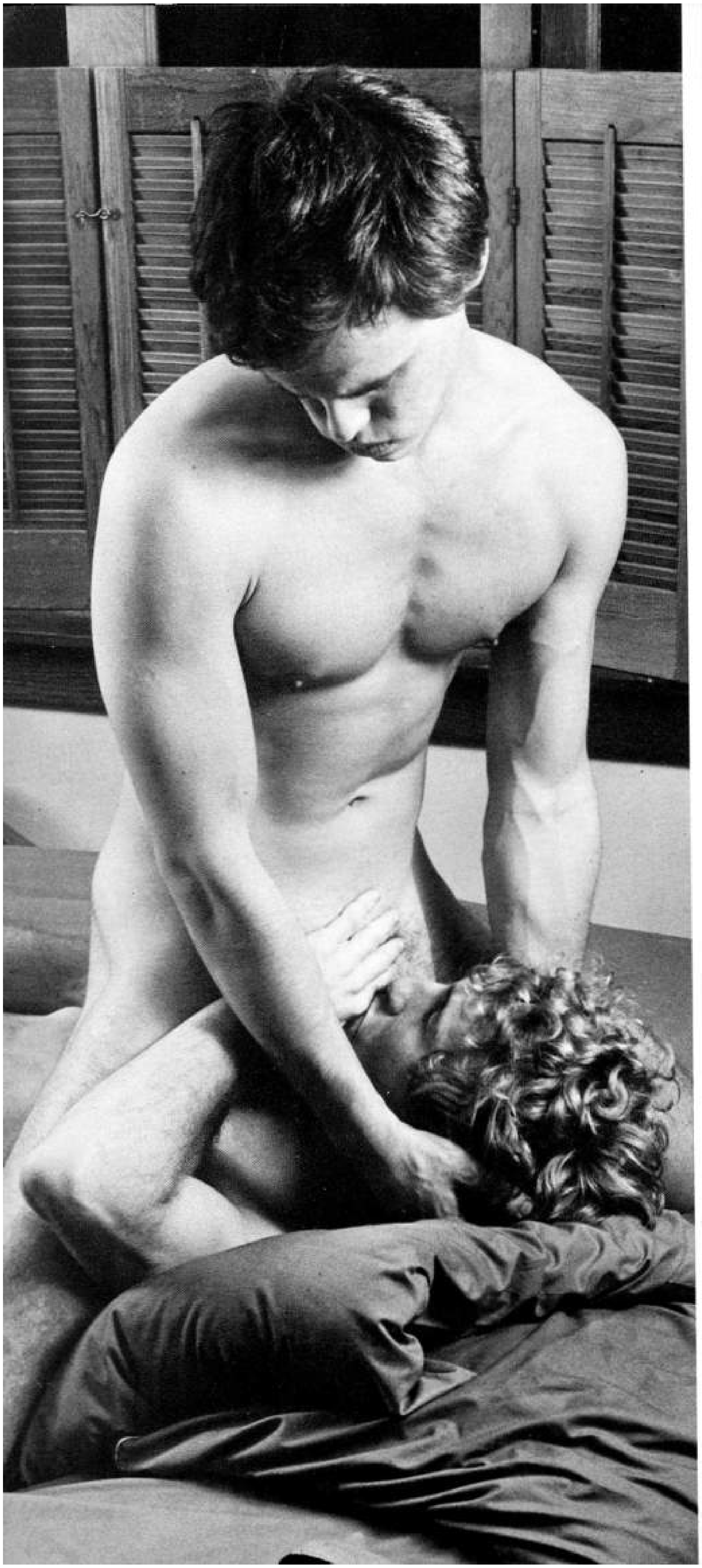


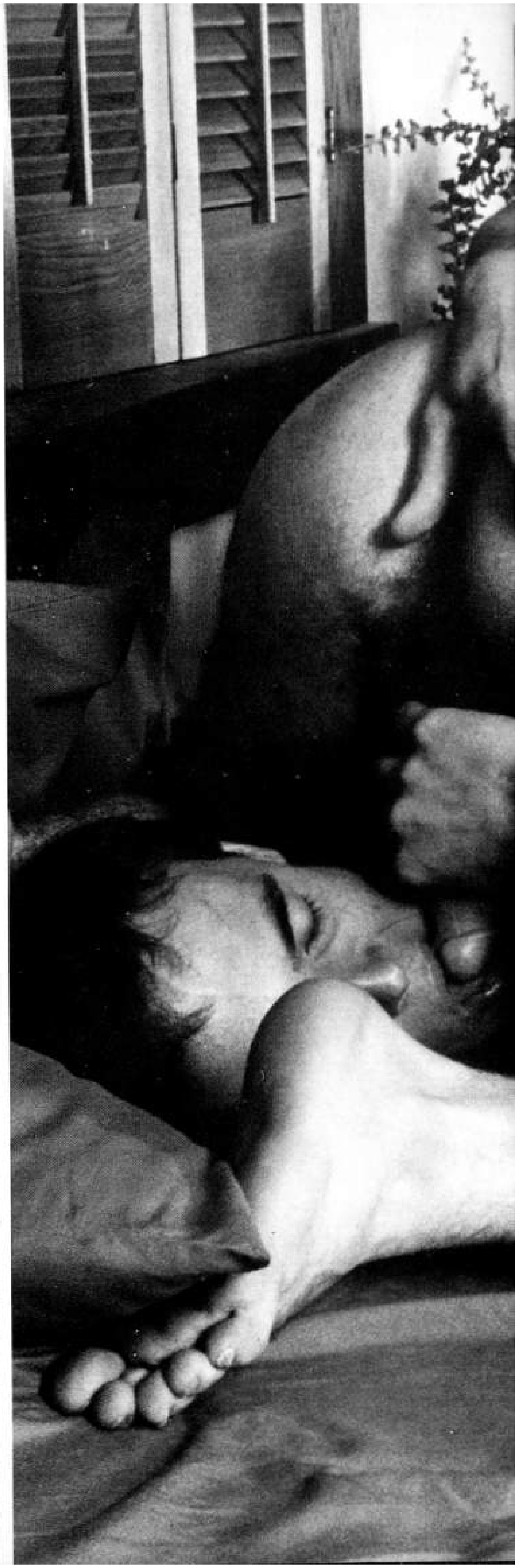
BEAR
AREA

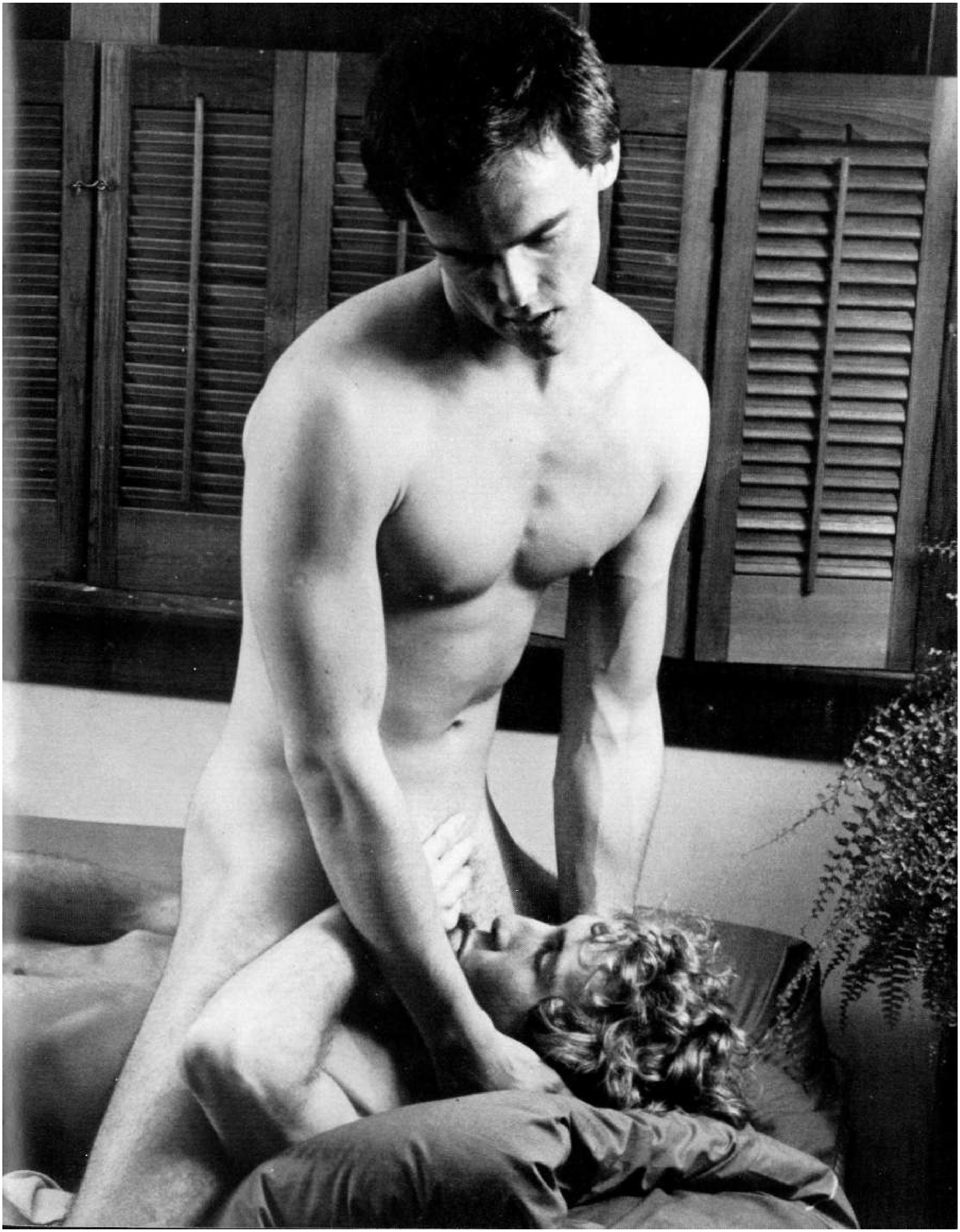


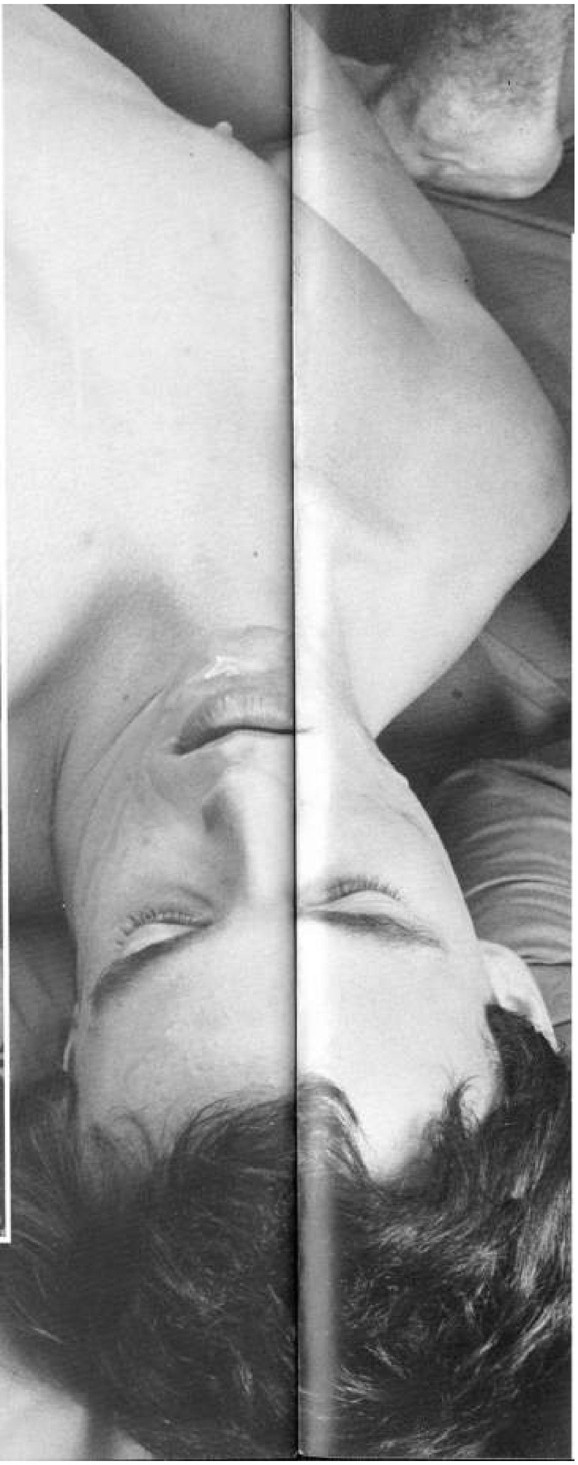












ALL MODELS 18 YRS. OR OLDER

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